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THE BERRIGANS

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180 Degrees, Space City!'s weekly news and commentary column, will not appear this week. The author of that column, Victoria Smith, wishes she could say she is on vacation, but in fact, she has succumbed temporarily to a chronic Space City! illness loosely diagnosed as overwork. 180 Degrees will return next week.

A Space City! Viewpoint

Two Years For KPFT

Pacifica radio in Houston is two years old. Birthday II was celebrated by Pacificans young and old on Wednesday, March 1. If you happened to be listening to 90.1 FM that day you sat in on a piece of Pacifica-Houston's Birthday Party Of The Air, an all-day mini-thon to back-pat, eat cake and raise dough.

KPFT is one of four Pacifica radio stations. The others are in New York, Berkeley and Los Angeles. All are listener sponsored, non commercial stations owned by the Pacifica Foundation, a non-profit corporation. The Houston station, in its two years of radio-wave "Power to the People," has weathered two transmitter bombings by right wing nightriders and a (successful) staff strike. The three local reps on the national advisory board have recently resigned. (Their resignation was a staff demand during the strike, though it was not met at that time.) Their replacements are Houston school board trustee David T. Lopez, Thelma Meltzer and Jody Blazek.

KPFT is listener-supported, but not very well! The operation is shoestring; salaries often go unpaid. And the folks in the community who should realize the importance of Pacifica-type free radio in Houston don't respond with hard cash.

Space City! urges its readers to support Pacifica, with volunteer help, friendly criticism and an occasional piece of silver. The studios are located at 618 Prairie, Houston, 77002. Telephone is 224-4000.

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Photos by Bryan Baker



Jerry Baiamonte

First of a Series

The Greenhouse

by Jim Dennison and Victoria Smith

Considering the waves of nutritional paranoia that sweep periodically over the consciousness of Americans these days, it's no easy task to find a restaurant that on some level doesn't give you the willies.

As you sit down before your hamburger or your bowl of Campbell's soup at an inexpensive eating place, do you ever find yourself forcing from your mind unappetizing visions of rat hairs and botulism? Or, if you have the funds to dine at a ritzier establishment, do you contemplate your succulent filet and wonder, what chemical horrors did that poor steer (and now, poor you) endure at the grubby hands of the American beef industries? Do you ever catch yourself nervously speculating on what really goes on in that kitchen back there?

Not everyone experiences such fears. But for those who do, take heart: relief may be close at hand in Houston. The emergence of a handful of what we call "healthy food restaurants" may signal new hope for apprehensive diners-out.

The Natural Child restaurant has been with us for some time. Now others have joined this respected haven for healthy food freaks in the crusade to bring good, clean food to the people — for a small fee, of course.

These new places have names like the Greenhouse Restaurant, the Hobbit Hole and the Oak Tree Health Bar. The food served at these restaurants is not exclusively organic, nor is it exactly cheap. But it sure beats the canned, preserved, hormone-infested, over-spiced and otherwise mutilated variety of repast served up at most Houston restaurants. At least, we think so.

This article is the first in a series discussing these recent additions to the Houston restaurant business. We'll take them one at a time, and let you decide whether the "healthy food restaurants" deserve your patronage. In this article, Space City! takes a look at the Greenhouse Restaurant.

* * * * *

The Greenhouse, located at 1217 Richmond, opened a few months ago, after an inventive restaurant designer, Larry Renfro, turned an old beauty salon into a hanging garden of an eating place.

Renfro, who used to manage one of the Steak and Ale restaurants here was joined in his efforts last year by Dale Harris, another Steak and Ale ex. Work on the Greenhouse came to a standstill last November when the two ran out of money. Then, Jerry Baiamonte entered into the partnership, helped raise some more money and the Greenhouse became a going concern. (Baiamonte, incidentally, also used to work at Steak and Ale, as did most of the 12-member staff of cooks, waiters and waitresses.)

Opening a new restaurant isn't easy, but these three young men, all of whom

are in their early twenties, apparently possessed a certain knowledge of the business that helped them avoid some of the problems other similar efforts have encountered. A major obstacle for a would-be restaurateur is obtaining a city-issued license. The city of Houston does not issue restaurant licenses as readily as it does parking tickets.

Baiamonte told us that the licensing procedures went smoothly for them. "A lot of people run into hassles over putting in the things the city requires," he said. "We already had the right kinds of sinks, for instance." He said they avoided a good deal of red tape by going immediately to a licensing service, which, for a \$25 fee, carried the procedure from beginning to end. Baiamonte said that people trying to start other restaurants have come to them for advice, mentioning in particular the struggling young people trying to convert an old house at the corner of Converse and Willard into a restaurant, to be called The Cornucopia. (More on this in a later article.)

Baiamonte says that the Greenhouse is still operating on a shoestring budget, although the workers there receive relatively high wages. "That's probably one reason we're not making much money yet," he admitted. "But these people worked so hard to get the place going, I just really want to make it worth their while."

What makes the Greenhouse so special? we asked. Baiamonte thought for a second, and then said, "Oh, the atmosphere, the vibes, and of course, the food. Everyone digs it so much that it really works."

Appraising the Greenhouse with a more objective eye, however, we would have to mention first the flora surrounding the place, from which the restaurant's name derives. The Greenhouse is actually flanked by greenhouses, in which you can observe a variety of plants and an embryonic herb garden. If you dine in the enclosed patio outside the regular eating room, potted greenery virtually dangles before your eyes.

Then there's the "atmosphere," which can perhaps best be described as homey and informal. Were it not that you have to pay the cashier before you leave, you might imagine that you are having a meal at a friend's house. Which can be a very reassuring feeling.

Sometimes the atmosphere gets a little *too* casual, Baiamonte said. "When I'm not around, things tend to fall apart a little sometimes," he explained. He said it's fine for a waiter or waitress to engage in friendly conversation with the clientele, but this can sometimes slow down the service considerably — which isn't exactly lickety-split as it is. "You have to draw a line somewhere," he said, regretfully.

The type of food restaurants like the Greenhouse serve cannot be prepared rapidly. Some dishes will take at least 15 to 20 minutes to prepare. "The cooks

Cont. on 19

MCC Occupies A Building

A certain group of people occupied for three days last weekend a certain building in this very city, and we'll bet you didn't even know about it.

On Friday, Feb. 25, the recently-formed Montrose Community Council (MCC) moved into a Harris county community center in the Fourth Ward and stayed there until early Monday morning, Feb. 28. The MCC, a loose organization of Montrose area residents and Montrose *aficionados*, presented a list of demands to Open, Inc., the administrative authority of the Harris County Community Action Association Area 6 board, and vacated the center after Open, Inc. head Lorenzo Lucas promised to meet with the group.

The MCC has been trying since its formation in November to get a representative seated on the area 6 HCCAA board. The organization presented its credentials for recognition, and several meetings of that board were called. On no occasion, however, was a quorum present, so no action was taken. The MCC decided to dramatize its demands and, with assistance from some members of the Houston Organized Tenants for Action (HOTA), staged an occupation of the center.

The MCC demands include:

1. That the board of Open, Inc., be more responsive to community needs;
2. That the board of Open, Inc., more fairly represent the racial and age groups that make up the poverty level population in HCCAA area 6;
3. That the hours the operation of the community center be more convenient for residents of the area;
4. That the employees of Open, Inc., or HCCAA in this area be subject to review by the people they serve;
5. That a list of available services and materials be distributed to the people of this area;
6. That center workers involve themselves in active outreach and establish volunteer manned programs to meet area needs;
7. That Open, Inc., publicize the budget, services, needs, personal practices and involvements of the employees and the center.

According to an MCC representative, the demands were drawn up after members of the group observed the way the center operates and discussed its inadequacies with residents of the area. The center, the MCC claims, is largely unused. Information on programs there is not disseminated



When the occupants would not obey Lucas' orders, he asked the police officers to tell the people to leave. The police, however, appeared they say, and many people are unaware that the center even exists.

The occupiers had planned to leave the center Monday morning, and to return the following weekend if no action was taken on the demands. But on Sunday night, Lucas, who had been out of town, returned and ordered the people out, bringing with him two Houston police officers.

unprepared to take sides in the situation, and instead attempted to act as mediators.

Finally, the MCC people agreed to leave on the condition that Lucas would agree that no one would be prosecuted and that he would publicly state that the building was not damaged (which it apparently was not). Lucas agreed to both conditions and the center was vacated. The two sides met on Monday, Feb. 28, and decided to call another board meeting to discuss the seating of the community delegate and the seven demands.

Back Packing

Living Off The Land

While it's still out there, while you still can, there are a few basic necessities needed to explore American wilderness. No matter what your economic status in this society, in order to live like Rousseau's "noble savage," one item of camping paraphernalia you will need is a back pack.

For hiking and camping, whether you carry a small or heavy load, it has to be carried on the back. Uncomfortable packs can ruin any type of camping. Thus, you should plan carefully on what type of pack is best suited for the kind of camping you do.

Back packs fall into three categories: small frameless sack types; the rucksack type with a frame, but designed to hang away from the back and, the pack board or frame type, designed to be supported on the back.

A back pack should comfortably fit the person carrying it. Sometimes, this can be difficult. One way to insure a more comfortable pack is to take caution against overloading it. When stuffed, packs will assume a round shape, creating an uncomfortable burden. Thus, it is a good idea to have a pack slightly larger than is actually needed so it need not be stuffed.

If you are back packing for a week-end or longer, chances are you will be carrying a pretty heavy load. Heavier loads are more comfortably carried

when supported on the back with the center of gravity over the hips. For this purpose a pack board frame, either with or without an attached sack should be used.

One point to remember is to keep a straight position while hiking. The straighter you stand, the more comfortable you will be and the less energy you will waste. Also, to get full efficiency from the pack frame design, the load must be close to the body and relatively high.

Of the several types of pack frames available, those curved to fit the back either vertically or horizontally are best. The pack should also allow for ventilation for your back. Frames having a flat, tightly laced canvas panel against the back are the least desirable.

There are two back pack accessories which are often overlooked, but they give added comfort. The first is a waist strap or hip belt. This is a wide strap attached low on the frame, which supports the load. The idea here is to shift most of the load onto your hips. Hipbelts can take 50 per cent of the load off your shoulders.

The second accessory is the tump-line. This is a wide padded band which is positioned over the forehead, and is attached to the pack with two lines

hooking onto two tails sewn on some packs for this purpose. These tails are attached to the pack low down and far to the rear. When the tump-line is properly adjusted, the head can be put into it every so often for a few minutes, relieving the shoulders of their load completely.

Unfortunately, like every other marketed item in America, capitalist initiative dominates the prices on back packs and frames. Therefore, there are several name brands to choose from. In a matter of simple survival in the wilderness, it may seem paradoxical that to escape to the wilderness, you have to first turn to the system.

I will focus on a few well known dependable brands of back packs. Camptrails has a number of packs suited for different types of camping. The cheapest and smallest is the "High Adventure." This is a deep, straight through bag. It is made of water repellent and mildew resistant cotton duck and costs \$15.75. For larger loads, Camptrails makes another type of high adventurer with five outside pockets. This pack is made of special urethane-coated waterproof nylon weighing 24 ounces and costing \$21.75. For normal size loads, including a sleeping bag and lightweight tent, the "Skyline" model is adequate. This model comes in two sizes weighing 22 and 24 ounces; it costs \$28.25.

The most expensive of the Camp-

trails packs is the "Horizon," costing \$33.50, and \$20.50 extra for a frame with padded belt. This belt is 4 1/2 inches wide, made of 1/2 inch thick padding covered by a waterproof nylon shell. The Horizon has extra large capacity with zippered openings to the bottom of the bag.

Observing the prices, you may be inclined to surrender, exclaiming, "mission impossible." However, there is an alternative to high prices for suitable camp gear.

One alternative to high prices is Army-Navy surplus store. These stores carry a variety of back packs and frames. One brand is "Sotraco." The Mt. Blanc model which is made of nylon on an aluminum, welded frame with a hipbelt is ideal for short, wilderness camping. The cost is \$20. If you desire a day backpacking expedition, the "Hylander" model for \$14 is adequate. The best Sotraco pack is the "El Capitan." Made of nylon, this set up comes on an aluminum frame for \$22.

As you can see, the subject of packs is a broad one. Depending on your preference, their design can be as personal as a tailored suit. Once again, be careful when buying any type of back pack and frame. Make sure it fits the type of hiking and backpacking you intend to do.

— Kim Lowry

Witness in Berrigan Trial

Boyd Douglas: Informer or Provocateur?

By Edward Zuckerman
Dispatch News Service International

HARRISBURG, Pa. (DNSI) — The government's key witness in the Harrisburg conspiracy trial took the stand this week, emerging from a 14-month cloistering by the Justice Department somewhere in the United States.

Boyd F. Douglas, Jr., 31-year-old ex-convict and government informer, is now retelling his tale of a complex alleged antiwar conspiracy at the trial of Father Philip Berrigan and six others. They are charged with plotting to kidnap presidential advisor Henry Kissinger, to bomb government heating tunnels in Washington and to raid draft boards and other federal offices in nine states.

Under heavy guard, Douglas opened his testimony by saying that Berrigan had told him he had posed as an electrical engineer to examine the heating tunnels in question. Douglas quoted Berrigan as saying that destruction of the tunnels would have the "utmost impact" in disrupting national government.

As Douglas' testimony continues, the question remains: Will the jury believe him?

Douglas was released from prison and vanished into federal custodianship in December, 1970, after testifying before a federal grand jury in Harrisburg. Efforts by defense attorneys and reporters to find him during the last 14 months have been unsuccessful.

Douglas' record is hardly that of an ideal witness. He first went to prison in 1963 for trying to cash a bad check at an Army base in Texas and impersonating an Army officer in the process. He was serving another

sentence for passing bad checks and pulling a gun on an FBI agent when, in 1970, he met Berrigan in the Lewisburg, Pa., federal penitentiary, where the priest was serving a sentence for destroying draft files.

For a federal prisoner, Douglas led a remarkably easy life. He left the prison daily to attend classes at nearby Bucknell University on a study-release program. He dated Bucknell coeds. He drank expensive whiskey and chain-smoked imported cigarettes. He even bought a car and, for a while, kept an apartment in the town of Lewisburg, using money he received from the government after he was scarred by a prison medical experiment.

Although Berrigan was a closely watched prisoner in a maximum security prison, he easily came in contact with Douglas — a situation that many Berrigan supporters now belatedly find suspicious.

Douglas gained Berrigan's confidence and soon began smuggling letters between the antiwar priest and his friends outside.

"He was the link between Phil and everybody else," recalls John Theodore (Ted) Glick, a co-defendant with Berrigan who will later be tried separately.

The letters Douglas carried ended up in the hands of the FBI, including two letters passed in August, 1970, that discussed the possibility of a plot "to kidnap — in our terminology make a citizens' arrest of — someone like Henry Kissinger."

There are several theories about how Douglas became an informer. One currently popular among defense sources is that Douglas started out not as an FBI plant but as "an opportunist

who was going to sell out to the highest bidder."

Another view holds that he was originally a sincere admirer of Berrigan and only turned informer after being caught with contraband letters and threatened with punishment.

This view was supported by a fellow inmate of Douglas' who talked to a reporter on a bus leaving Lewisburg shortly after being released.

As this ex-convict told the story, Douglas' cell was searched and contraband was found sometime after he began carrying Berrigan's letters. Douglas was nervous as he was led off to the warden's office, but, when he returned several hours later, he had resumed his characteristic cocky manner. He told his fellow prisoners, "Everything's okay."

Douglas sought a more active role in the antiwar movement than the carrying of letters. He had telephone conversations (many of which he recorded) and set up meetings in Lewisburg with peace movement people from all over the Northeast, including those who were later to become defendants in the Harrisburg case.

"He was a very personable kind of guy, so it was easy for him to gain your confidence," said one person who met Douglas in 1970 and has been named by the government as a draft board raider.

For the Harrisburg defendants and others, that confidence was ill-placed. On Sept. 6, 1970, Glick and seven others were surprised by police during pre-dawn hours as they were leaving the Rochester, N.Y., federal building after raiding the offices of Selective Service, U.S. Attorney and FBI there.

"He (Douglas) knew about it,

which is probably why we were caught," Glick said recently, after serving 10 months for the Rochester action.

Many of the meetings and phone calls in which Douglas participated were eventually cited in the Harrisburg indictment as "overt acts" in "furtherance" of the alleged conspiracy.

This has raised the question of whether or not Douglas was a provocateur as well as an informer. The defense will claim he was.

Not only did he instigate those meetings and discussions that were later cited as conspiratorial acts, but he also told his (antiwar) friends he had been trained in the use of explosives by the Army, and that that knowledge might "come in handy" some day.

He maintained a "general encouraging tone" about illegal acts, said a Bucknell friend of Douglas. And Glick said, "He was always talking about being 'into a really big action'."

Perhaps Douglas' most blatantly provocative gesture came in relation to the alleged Kissinger kidnapping plot. After reading the letter that proposed it, defense sources say, Douglas wrote a letter of his own endorsing the idea and proposing that the kidnapers should use a gun, which he said he could supply.

Douglas' testimony will be supported wherever possible by tape recordings and other government witnesses as the Harrisburg trial unfolds, but his veracity will remain an issue.

Douglas' father told a reporter last year, "He has told so many lies practically all his life that I can't believe anything he says."



Ms. Davis, here with defense attorneys Howard Moore and Margaret Burnham.

Free on Bail!

Special to Space City!

PALO ALTO, Calif. — Shortly after 6:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 23, Angela Yvonne Davis walked out of the Palo Alto Holding Facility of the Santa Clara County jail, free on \$102,500 bail.

She paused to smile at a crowd of some 100 supporters who had gathered at the jail; saluting them with a raised fist, she then climbed into a waiting car. Ms. Davis was driven to a private home, the location of which was not revealed; it had been approved by Superior Court Judge Richard Arnason.

After more than 16 months of imprisonment in New York and California, Angela was once more free to walk the streets.

Relatively free, that is, in San Jose at the Santa Clara County courthouse, her trial has just begun on charges of murder, kidnap and conspiracy stemming from the jailbreak attempt at the Marin County courthouse Aug. 7, 1970. If convicted, she could receive a maximum sentence of life imprisonment. Also, the terms of her bail restrict her to the six counties around San Francisco and prohibit her from attending any public meeting "at which an unlawful incident might occur."

Despite all this, it was still hard for Angela's supporters in the Bay Area, many of whom have been working in her defense since her arrest in New York City, Oct. 13, 1970, not to relax and celebrate a little. Most of them did, and the rejoicing began as early as 1:30 p.m. the day of her release, when Howard Moore, Angela's chief defense attorney, left the Santa Clara County courthouse and told waiting supporters, "We got what we came for."

Arnason, the presiding judge in the Davis case, overruled objections from Assistant Attorney General Albert Harris, Jr., prosecuting attorney, and declared that Angela should be released on \$100,000 bond. A cash bond of \$2,500 was posted and \$100,000 in surety was put up by the McAfee Family Cooperative of Fresno, Calif.

A regularly scheduled meeting at the Solidarity Center, the San Jose office of the Angela Davis Defense Committee, broke into an uproar and a party when Angela, accompanied by her sister, various defense workers and a clutch of bodyguards burst into the room. The meeting was quickly adjourned, and Angela went around the room to thank personally those who had been working for her defense. Some she had known for a long time; others she was meeting for the first time in her life.

Angela appeared tired, slightly stoop-shouldered and thin. Before leaving, she made a statement to her supporters:

"I appreciate everything all the sisters and brothers have done. I just can't tell you how it feels. It's so beautiful to be able to walk out and breathe fresh air and it's also so beautiful to know that I can give so much more of myself to the struggle to free all political prisoners. To free Ruchell, free the Soledad Brothers, the San Quentin Six and then there are thousands and thousands of sisters and brothers whose names we don't know who are in jails and prisons all across this country, who all have to be freed."

"Ruchell" is Ruchell Magee, a San Quentin inmate who has been charged with the murder of Judge Harold Haley during the Marin County incident. The Soledad Brothers, John Cluchette and Fleeta Drumgo, are two inmates at Soledad State Prison, charged with the murder of a white prison guard. The San Quentin Six, which includes Drumgo, are all inmates on the Adjustment Wing of that prison, who have been charged with the murder of three other inmates and two prison guards on Aug. 21, 1971, the day Soledad Brother George Jackson was killed by prison guards in an alleged escape attempt. (Angela Davis was active in the defense of the Soledad Brothers before the Aug. 7 incident.)

Then John McAfee, of the cooperative that posted the bond, told the party:

"Let's all of us push the cause of Angela and the cause of humanity to the hilt. This land we put up is not capitalist land in the pure sense of the word." The middle-aged white man said. "We are a co-operative of working people hanging together for a common cause. Your common cause has freed Angela today, and I honor you very, very highly for it." cont. on 19

Speaks at UH

Rennie Davis

by Rick Fine

Chicago 8 defendant Rennie Davis came to town recently to discuss the changing mood in Vietnam and its effects here on the home front. Davis, who presently faces conspiracy charges for his role in the Mayday actions in Washington last spring, is a national coordinator for the Peoples' Coalition for Peace and Justice, which has embarked on an "Evict Nixon" campaign.

He compared recollections of his two visits to North Vietnam, the first in October, 1967. Once he witnessed a U.S. air reconnaissance plane flying directly overhead, taking photographs of the entire countryside. These photos were then flown to the 7th Fleet, wired to an underground bunker in Saigon where targets were picked, and sent back to the 7th Fleet where, 12 to 24 hours later, strike jets would take off for their targets.

During this time, a sort of "nightly waltz" would take place in North Vietnam. Every man, woman and child would move everything they could lift, so the entire countryside would change. Thus U.S. planes coming even 12 hours later would bomb empty fields, bridges that were no longer there, and so on. Sort of a dramatization of man versus machine, and how people, if they are really together, are able to overcome the tyranny of the machine.

In 1969, Davis visited North Vietnam a second time, this time traveling as far as the Demilitarized Zone. Again a reconnaissance plane flew over, so Davis waved and said, "Cheese." But this time the Vietnamese whisked him into a jeep and sped out of the area. Within five minutes shells from South Vietnam began to pour into the DMZ.

WAR BY COMPUTER

The difference between these two experiences signifies what General Westmoreland labeled a "quantum leap" in warfare. Though we are told that it is in our military interests to get out of Indochina, there now exists a whole new rationale, a whole new excitement, a whole new military vision that makes people like Westmoreland want very much to stay.

Take, for example, a device called the "air-delivered seismic intrusion detector." Released from a plane at 500 mph, this \$1900 instrument is cushioned by an aerodynamic brake so the shell drives into the ground with an antenna protruding out the end. This antenna is painted jungle green and designed to resemble a common plant.

Any living animal - man, woman, child, water buffalo, water buffalo boy - passing by this sensor is recorded, and a signal is transmitted from the antenna to a high-flying EC 121 and relayed to the "Infiltration Surveillance Center" in Nakhon Phanom, Thailand.

Inside the center a huge 36065 IBM computer picks up the signal and flashes on a printout, and then on a screen in front of the computer operators, a small signal illuminating part of the landscape of Indochina. A man watching the signal can immediately and precisely determine its coordinates, which are then radioed to the Airborne Battle Command, which allocates strike aircraft. A pilot then takes the coordinates and feeds them into a computer on his plane, which flies by computer to the point of the original sensor signal.

As the coordinates of the computer and the plane come together, a ground computer triggers a signal to the plane which automatically releases the bombs on the man, the woman, the child, the water buffalo or the water buffalo boy. The length of time from the sensor transmission to the bombings is five minutes.

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Rennie Davis

Photo by Bryan Baker

The military says it took hundreds of years to develop the mobile armored division. It took over 20 years to develop the fully air-mobile division. Yet with the full cooperation of the military and scientific communities, it will take only one decade to perfect and install the fully automated battlefield.

"RICHEST PIECE OF REAL ESTATE IN THE WORLD"

In attempting to determine the real reason for U.S. presence in Vietnam, Davis cited a 1969 report to Nixon by David Lillianthol, former head of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Lillianthol called the Mekong Delta the richest piece of real estate in the world. Vietnam contains roads, communications systems, transportation systems, ports and a working class trained to use American technology - all unprecedented anywhere in Asia except Japan. Lillianthol asserts that just off the coast of Vietnam may be the richest oil reserve in the world.

So, according to Davis, we are not in Vietnam to contain a socialist revolution, but for the most classical of imperialist reasons. And the pressure to remain in Vietnam exerted by a significant wing of the ruling class - the military and economic interests - is greater than at any other time in the history of the war. This, says Davis, is the essential backdrop to the whole Nixon strategy.

The Nixon strategy centers on his eight-point peace propaganda movement. Nixon will agree to withdraw all U.S. troops within six months if the Vietnamese will return the POWs and surrender their arms and positions. Thieu would then step down from office for 30 days, and an international body would enter to oversee democratic elections to choose a new government.

Davis claims that Nixon fails to say that the U.S. has created a vast police state in South Vietnam that has press-ganged over a million Vietnamese into a puppet army, that has press-ganged almost as many into "regional self-de-

fense forces" and has littered the countryside with CIA-trained agents whose task is to root out anyone suspected of Viet Cong affiliations. So Nixon asks people who have led a liberation struggle to surface publicly and to take public leadership in an election, when agents are right there with the sole mission of assassinating anyone they believe to be VC.

The Vietnamese, Davis says, think Richard Nixon has gone bananas. Davis suggests that Madame Binh's seven-point proposal calls for true democratic elections. She would start by dismantling the entire police state apparatus. Next a coalition of present government officials, Buddhists, war veterans, students and others would join with the National Liberation Front

to form a provisional government, a third of which would be NLF and two-thirds non-NLF. Then that government would organize a democratic election to establish the new government.

NIXON AS A PEACE CANDIDATE

So we have this incredible situation where most of the American people think the war is winding down. Davis points out that every month Lyndon Johnson was in office he dropped 60,000 tons of bombs on the people of Indochina, but every month Nixon has been in power he's dropped 96,000 tons of bombs. And we have the anticipated spectacle of a presidential election, in which Richard Nixon will run as a peace candidate - a peace candidate who has killed, crippled or driven into refuge camps three million people. Imagine a peace candidate who has dropped 300 Hiroshimas on tiny Indochina.

Nevertheless, Davis says, Nixon is having his problems. Within 90 miles of the Laos capital, Pathet Lao troops have broken through the last stronghold and are moving into the open plain that separates them from the capitol itself. Phnom Penh is virtually surrounded by NLF forces in Cambodia. And fighting is going on 25 miles south of Saigon.

So while projecting a guise of peace, Nixon must deliver a decisive military blow to the Vietnamese offensive right now. According to Davis, Nixon can pursue any of a wide range of possibilities. Already three major aircraft carriers are in the Gulf of Tonkin. Already nearly 40 B52s have been moved into Thailand. And the aerial bombardment is rapidly approaching the heaviest period in the history of the war.

Then Davis cited an almost phenomenal operation taking place. In the northern most part of South Vietnam, large numbers of civilians are being forcibly evacuated out of their homes by 300 or 400 miles, in direct violation of Article 49 of the Geneva Accords. The last time a forcible transfer of the population took place was in late December - early January, 1970-71. At that time the Chinese news agency



U.S. TO SEND MISSILES TO VENEZUELA

Informed sources say the United States has agreed to supply Venezuela with 100 air-to-air missiles to offset the military superiority of the Latin American country's two principal neighbors, Colombia and Brazil. This would be the first time the United States has sent air-to-air missiles to Latin America.

suddenly suspended service; this had not occurred since the invasions of Korea and India. It was immediately suspected that China was on the verge of launching an offensive against the United States. In fact, large numbers of Chinese troops were being mobilized in the southern part of China.

Suddenly China issued this stark warning: the United States under no conditions, was to use nuclear weapons of any kind at any time in Indochina. As a result, the forcible evacuation immediately stopped, and all the rumors that tactical nuclear weapons were to be introduced fell by the wayside.

Now, however, since January, thousands upon thousands of people are again being forcibly removed from their homes in the same area. The current opinion of persons involved in the project is that one of the options being strongly considered by the Nixon administration is the creation of a radioactive nuclear shield, from the east coast of South Vietnam all the way across the DMZ and into Laos. One method might be to use the large quantities of radioactive waste that exist in this country, moving it in solid form to South Vietnam, depositing a radioactive rod into the solid form to turn it into a liquid, then pouring radioactive liquid material in a 60-mile strip right across the DMZ. Any living thing that would try to cross that area in the next ten years would be burned alive. This plan is definitely on Nixon's agenda of options.

CAN WE STOP THE INDOCHINESE NIGHTMARE?

Davis declared this period the most important in the history of the war, "because this period offers the opportunity to end this bloody nightmare, or, because we failed to get it together and to move and to see and to be conscious and to touch again and to somehow break out of the isolation of our lives, to allow this period to be lost and to allow the Indochinese nightmare to pass into another whole stage.

"I believe that 1972 America is just like 1954 France. Finally the military has been defeated in Indochina by the people of Vietnam, the population has had it with the war and sees that the Vietnamese people are unbeatable and should have their own country for themselves, and the ruling class has been significantly humiliated and defeated and divided. Finally it reaches a point in society where it's possible

BLACK SEA NOT RED

A four-day "show the flag" cruise will soon be initiated by two Navy destroyers into the Black Sea. The United States has made periodic naval visits to the Black Sea over the past 10 years as "a way of showing the area is not a Russian lake."

MINUTEMEN ORGANIZING AUTONOMOUS UNITS

Robert DeFugh, the imprisoned leader of the Minutemen, (a militant, right wing group), said his group is now operating in individual units "without central control or leadership." DeFugh was interviewed by mail by the St. Louis Post dispatch; the paper carried the story last week.

DeFugh said that the Minutemen were deliberately organized with the expectation that the separate units would, in case of enemy occupation, function autonomously." He said that the separate unit phase was in effect because of the unexpectedly strong opposition to the organization by certain elements within the federal bureaucracy. DeFugh said the Minutemen's future depends "not only on political events but also on social and cultural trends that are difficult to predict."

to end the war with just a change in administration.

"Yet to even raise the question raises a knot in your stomach. Is it that we would once again get involved in electoral politics as some people did in '68? Is it that once again we must somehow choose between the tweedle-dees and tweedledums of the Democratic and Republican parties? Is it that once again we're going to try to cover over the fact that both political parties are hopelessly tied to the same entrenched special interests? Is it that all the lessons we have learned about the bankruptcy of the two-party system are to be thrown away?

"Obviously, the answer is no. But the situation in Vietnam is one where we do and what we say and how we act in the next six months is going to determine, in my view, whether the war ends or goes on interminably.

"First of all, the anti-war movement must now put forward a position that is clear, specific and detailed as to how the war must end. It must make clear that the lynch-pin of the Vietnam policy is the corrupt, fascist Thieu regime. It must reject the Democratic party talk of 'doing everything short of surrender.'

"We must instead say that this is precisely what must happen. Aid - military and economic - must be suspended forever to this corrupt Thieu regime. The lynch-pin has to be pulled. There has to be a surrender so that the Vietnamese people can reclaim their country.

"We have to describe specifically the steps to getting out of Vietnam: setting a date for the total withdrawal of all U.S. forces; indicating that when we say all U.S. forces we mean all military bases in Laos, Thailand, Cambodia and South Vietnam; that we intend to withdraw all support from the puppet regimes the U.S. has established in those countries; and allowing the individuals in those regimes to join the national liberation forces in working out a coalition government that can organize an election in each of those countries. Then, under those conditions, it is possible for the Vietnamese, the Laotians and the Cambodians to release the American POWs.

"Then we need to find a way to expose the fact that the Humphreys, the Muskies, the Jacksons, the Wallaces, the Nixons, and all of the people really who are frontrunners in this electoral farce have no position that will end

TWO MEN IN GEORGIA INDICTED FOR BOMBINGS

The U.S. Justice Department says that two young men charged with bombing a military induction center in Atlanta and an Army recruiting office also in Georgia are not members of any of the Department's subversive organizations, according to Earth News.

"As far as we know they just decided to go out on their own and do it," Bob Stevenson at the Justice Department said.

The two, James Brewer and Randy Davis, were indicted recently by a federal grand jury for setting the bombs. Maximum penalty upon conviction would be 10 years in jail and a \$10,000 fine - if no one had been hurt.

Unfortunately for Brewer, who is charged with being absent without leave from the Army, a janitor was in one of the buildings and was slightly injured. Maximum sentence for bombing a federal building and injuring someone is 20 years in prison and a \$20,000 fine.

The two 22-year-olds are likely to do even more prison time if convicted, however, because they are also charged with conspiracy and with destroying government records.

The bombs did not cause major damage.

PHARR LEADER FOUND INNOCENT

Efrain Fernandez, a Pharr leader from Pharr, was found innocent last week, of charges connected with the Feb. 6, 1971 Pharr riot. Fernandez, who has been active with MAYO, the United Farm workers and La Raza Unida party had been accused of breaking the windshield of a Pharr Fire Department vehicle in the riot which saw one person shot to death, and several injured. During the incident, a large force of lawmen using guns, clubs, fire hoses and tear gas dispersed a crowd of demonstrators. The jury of seven women and five men took only an hour and 39 minutes before pronouncing Fernandez "not guilty."

KLEINDIENST SUPPORTS WIRETAPPING

Richard Kleindienst, Nixon's choice to replace John Mitchell as attorney general (which he will probably do despite opposition from Senate liberals) vowed to continue wiretapping without court authorization for "intelligence gathering in the interest of national security," until and unless the U.S. Supreme Court bans the practice. Kleindienst said wiretapping is done in a limited number of cases and often "without the thought of prosecuting" the subjects of the investigation.

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court heard arguments on the question last Thursday and is expected to make a ruling before June.

the war, but instead have a position that will insure its continuation. We need a way to confront every single presidential candidate and every single delegate to both conventions, and find out exactly what they say to the anti-war position on ending the war and using the vast funds that are squandered on imperialism and mass murder in Indochina to improve the lives and conditions of the people who work and who struggle here in this country.

"CITIZENS ACTION PLEDGE"

"We need to begin bringing our culture and politics together so that we can assemble ourselves. We intend to hold an anti-war rally of 50,000 people in Florida to issue this statement, and then immediately go to Miami and put together an enormous rally where the whole political focus will be on the problems of the aged, and how Social Security rake-offs from the government go on year after year because the U.S. refuses to let go of its imperialist venture in Indochina. We need to raise \$15,000 - 20,000 in Miami and then give it to a senior citizens project as a contribution from the American anti-war movement.

"We need to tell the people of Miami that we intend to go in tens of thousands to surround the Miami Democratic Party Convention this summer and demand no less than a commitment to this 'citizens' action pledge.' We need to make it clear that when we go to Miami it's simply a warmup for putting half a million people in San Diego to surround the Republican Convention and do the same thing there. We need to find a way to inject into this campaign the fact that politicians who come to Houston or Miami or San Diego or wherever who can't say no should be driven into the sea.

"All of that has a kind of reminiscence of the past - coming together, actions again, energy instead of passivity. It will be a different kind of energy, I think. When we assemble 50,000 people, it might be that things might begin by just chanting 'om,' or allowing the consciousness that's growing in our heads to be felt in the vibrations of our togetherness.

"Some of you know precisely what I'm talking about, and some of you probably think I've gone berserk. But if it's possible for us to get in touch with just how grave the period is, then it will be possible in the spring and summer to see ourselves come together

in a way more powerful, more together than at any other time. If we don't do that, then I think everyone in this room will have to bear some part of the responsibility for what happens.

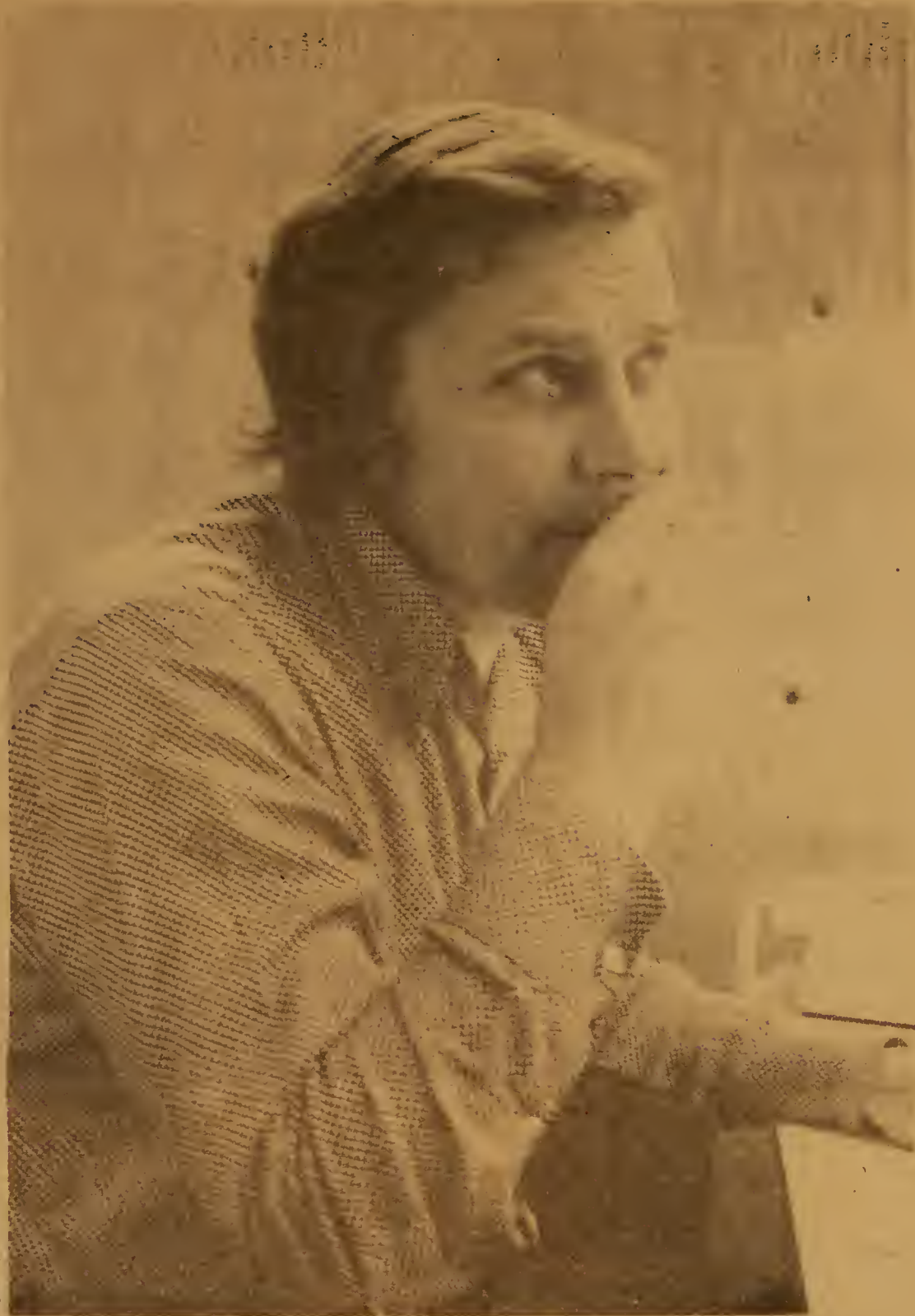
"Vietnam, in many ways has raised probably the most important question of the twentieth century. And the Vietnamese people offer the people of the whole world, particularly the United States, the most profound lesson of the twentieth century: that against the sensor, against the F105, against 2 1/2 Hiroshimas a week, against the strike-guided missile, against the laser-guided bomb, against the machine, ordinary people can win.

"Despite all the barbarity carried out against them, the Vietnamese people, because of their cultural experiences through the ages, learned to make a distinction between the government that wages war against them from a foreign country, and the people of that country.

"It is a fact that the North Vietnamese people love the American people. No American who has been to Hanoi has quite been able to explain that when you announce to an unorganized crowd of Vietnamese in North Vietnam that you are an American, the crowd breaks out into spontaneous applause. Embraces. And there's almost an eerie sense of unreality to a people who are so human that you actually witness the spectacle in Hanoi of two men walking hand in hand down the street - unafraid.

"And you see that the country Curtis LeMay once promised to bomb back into the stone age may very well be a country that has already moved itself into the twenty-first century, in terms of how they regard and treat and love and care for one another.

"I suspect that everyone in this room knows secretly or openly that it's just possible that what we thought about the Vietnamese is just the opposite - that we are the barbarians and they are the civilization, and it is our future to receive them and learn from them and embrace them for what they have come to represent in an age of ahumanity in the United States. We have to get back in touch with that if we are to move against all the obstacles that keep us from moving in this period. I just pray that we will."



Interview.. Sebastian Adler

by Ann Jorjorian

Not so long ago, any exhibition of modern art referred to Cezanne, to Cubism or to Klee's universal Geviert. Today all is changed: the materials have changed as well as the uses to which that material is put. The truly modern exhibition includes materials and uses characteristic of our times.

In a recent Space City! interview, Sebastian Adler, for six years director of the Contemporary Arts Museum (CAM), shared his ideas on how the art of today can be most effectively presented and how the CAM can best exhibit contemporary art in Houston.

"The role of the CAM is to be an educational institution," Adler said. "To raise the level of communication

between the public and art, by relating the exhibit to the community."

Is this an unrealistic demand on both the public and a museum? Not at all. Although there will be a new building, at a new location, exhibiting 1972 pieces, the concept CAM is proposing is 24 years old in Houston.

Many experimental programs have been presented under the auspices of The Contemporary Arts Association (CAA), the parent organization. New ideas have been introduced, nourished and have grown familiar to a large public. Without the CAA, the "underground" film in Houston might still be just that: underground.

In the 1940's the Contemporary Arts Association was developed to

nourish and encourage not so much new art as new concepts of art. It was a voluntary organization, people interested in heightening public awareness of modern art. The CAA brought a variety of shows to Houston, such as an industrial design show and major exhibitions of several well known contemporary artists.

The new awakening proved successful. The first building, a Quonset hut designed by architect Karl Kamrath, was located near downtown. From there it was moved to the Prudential Insurance Bldg. property, where the CAA leased the land for \$1 a year; the museum remained at that location until two years ago when, for several reasons, the organization was forced to relinquish the property.

"The CAA is now the governing body," Adler explained. "We are going through a great period of controversy and confusion, like all institutions, questioning our role. One of our problems is that we are in the twentieth century and still trying to operate our museums with nineteenth century attitudes."

For the last two years Adler has been searching throughout the United States and Europe for artists who will best demonstrate the concept of the New Museum.

"I am tired of theme shows, safe shows, and of people trying to lock in everything," he said, "and have finally come up with simply ten artists, with different ideas, each the best in his area. The shows title is self-explanatory, '10,' just plain '10.'"

"Museums as they are today cannot run as an educational institution. People approach the museum happy and very relaxed, then suddenly they walk in and become uptight. They can't take the work naturally." So Adler feels the solution is "to take it to them and present it to them in the unexpected."

The aluminum building at the corner of Bissonnet and Montrose is certainly planned to arouse the curiosity of onlookers. Because it doesn't look like a museum, most people will enter expecting the unexpected.

"The building is not a monument. It was built at a cost under \$1 million dollars. It is a flexible, honest building — no marble, no rare woods — basically an airplane hangar. It is an educational center, where people can learn, or just experience."

Adler envisions the museum building as a space station, a "launching pad," that will have satellites all over the city. He sees the interior as Duchampian, and sincerely feels the need to do away with the irrelevant ideas that are associated with a traditional museum.

There are, however, certain things that the CAM, as an organization, cannot ignore. It, too, must think ahead, and as any business must secure collateral. Although the CAM does not actively collect, it does have a collection. There must be some custodial function, but the important thing is not to make collection the main objective. "If we are going to present ideas and materials of now it is ridiculous for us to start weighing

ourselves down," Adler quoted Gertrude Stein: "You can't be a museum and be modern."

At present there are groups of five, representing many cultural areas of the city, which are discussing different ways to make the museum relevant to their communities. Without hesitation Adler said that "new statements deserve to be evaluated."

It is the job of the various groups to present the statements in such a way that gives the community the most opportunity. "Whether they like them or not is not what matters, only give them an opportunity to see. When you live in a city called 'Space City' you need to have an institution like ours," he said.

cont. on 13

Space on

Charles Chaplin in his 1936 classic, MODERN TIMES. See review, page 15, and "Cinema" this page



FOUR FILMS BY ROBERT HUGHES. Four documentaries on three different artists and Allan Funt, each followed by discussion. Arthur Penn: 8pm, Mar 3, Robert Frost and French photographer Larigue: 8pm, Mar 4, Allen ("Candid Camera"): Funt: 8pm, Mar 5, Rice Media Center, 522-7997. All free.

GAMMERA THE INVISIBLE. The first in a four-week, international horror series. This is one of those stop-action, rubber-monster films — a Japanese entry. With Chapter One of an old Flash Gordon serial (continuing chapters each week). Park III Film Festival, 522-5632.

THE HONKERS. Not the story of a traffic jam, but a rodco picture. With James Coburn (awful) and Slim Pickens (great). You pay your money and you take your choice. World Premiere Engagement. Loew's State, 222-2040; Memorial, 465-5258.

THE HOSPITAL. Fun trash. Played straight, this might have been the worst movie ever made. But George C. Scott (star) is smarter than the scenarist. Gay Lynn Terrace, 771-1261. PG

THE HOT ROCK. One of the "caper" genre, with "hip" dialogue provided by William Goldman — who provided almost identical dialogue for "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." The actors make the movie: George Segal as a panicky lock-picker; Paul Sand as a bombed-out bomb expert, and Ron Liabman as the driver of the car one would rather getaway from. Robert Radford turns his profile and blinks the old baby-blues. Opens Mar 10 at the Alabama, 522-5176.

LADY AND THE TRAMP. Silly, of course, and Disney — but the animation (particularly backgrounds) is fantastic. Southgate Blue, 433-8249.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW. The best film in town. Period. Peter Bogdanovich directs Ban Johnson, Ellen Burstyn, Cloris Leachman — all of whom are superb — and Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, and others merely excellent. If you miss this movie, you deserve the N.Y. Film Critics Award for next year. They missed it this year, and deserve a plaque on all their (pent)houses. Delman, 529-1257.

MODERN TIMES. The second best film in town — and it's 36 years old. Something is wrongsomewhere, but not in this film, the last of Chaplin's hold-outs against the talkies. (The soundtrack does contain some dialogue — but its satire is directed

Cinema

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE. Sam Peckinpah's best — and least known — film. A fine, sensitive musical structure (thus the "ballad"), with a rare good performance by Jason Robards. Should be seen, if only to blot out "Straw Dogs." Shamrock Four, 666-1546.

THE BUTTERCUP CHAIN. For some odd reason, Columbia Pictures decided to take this 1970-but-never-released number off the shelf. A children's Kraft-Ebbing, the movie toys around with a few mild kinks for the pre-nube set. Nobody (no body) is afflicted with unwanted hair. If they have it, it's blonde. Not much in the way of braasts either — but big on backslids. What is this crap? Shamrock Four, 666-1546. R for Repressed.

CABARET. Not a movie musical, perhaps, but a movie with music. And also one of the most sensitive and intelligent major-production movies in a long time. Follows closely the events and texture of Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." Music from the hit Broadway production by Kander and Ebb. Liza Minnelli gives the film a raw, nervous edge, countered by the passivity of costar Michael York. Definitely worth seeing, even if they have jackd up the prices. Windsor, 622-2650. PG (REVIEW NEXT WEEK)

CARRY ON CAMPING. But "camping" is what this British series has been carrying on for years. Ballaira, 664-0182. R

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. If "2001" was the ultimate trip, this one will make you wish you were back home. Gives you a chance to remember what your watch looks like. Galleria Cinema, 626-4011. X

THE COWBOYS. Machismo for children. With John Wayne. Village, 528-2334. PG — and this is certainly one requiring a little "parental guidance."

DIRTY HARRY. Still around, and still exciting. Political scruples should be checked at the door. At the neighborhoods. R

EXPERIMENTAL FILM FESTIVAL. Ten films, most of them ten to fifteen minutes long, all made by independent filmmakers at the Rice Media Center. Should be supported. Entire program (two in-missions are planned) begins at 7:30 pm, Mar 2, Liberty Hall, 1610 Chenepart. (SEE COMPLETE SCHEDULE, PAGE 15)

mostly at talking-pictures themselves.) A beautiful print, a genuinely human movie. Special Foley/Southwest Concerts engagement at the Alabama, 522-5176. Closes Mar 9; student discounts Mon-Fri. (SEE REVIEW, PAGE 15)

MONTEREY POP. Photographed by D.A. Pennabaker sometime in the Lata Plais-tocene Era. With Joplin, Hendrix, the Airplane (with Grace Slick at her absolute best), and so on. It's the time warp, boys and girls. Shamrock Four, 666-1546.

MOVE. The film that proves, if nothing else, that Genevieve Waite deserves all the bad movies she gets herself into. With Elliott Gould. Wretched. 7 and 10pm, Mar 8; 8pm, Mar 9. Oberholtzer Ballroom, U of H. Admission 75 cents.

THE MISFITS. Arthur Miller's ear in full cauliflowar, and the besieged last film of both Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable. It does have something, though — an eerie quality that has nothing to do with Miller's cardboard characters, but instead with the images of Monroe, Gable, and the frighteningly brutalized Montgomery Cliff. However bad, moments from the film stay with you far longer than moments from far better films. 7:30 and 10pm, Mar 7. AH Auditorium 2, U of H. Admission 50 cents.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA. These laudan balloons dia hard. This one presents the last of the Romanovs as just the couple next door — not very smart, nor very interesting, although there is talk of illness in the family and a strange monk hangs around the homestead. Obviously the payoff picture for director Franklin Schaffner, but if he's smart he'll go back to the ape movies. With relative unknowns in the lead — and "distinguish-ed" players showing up in small parts, producing the "hey look, it's Larry Olivier" effect. Deadly. Opens Mar 8 at the Gaylynn, 771-1261. Reserved seats. PG

POCKET MONEY. A contemporary Western, Paul Newman mugs a lot in what must be his low point since "The Silver Chalice." Costar Lee Marvin's acting technique has worked down into nothing but odd bits of business — as if he's trying to remember how to tie his shoos. River Oaks, 524-2175. PG

REBECCA. Alfred Hitchcock's first American film — the beginning, presumably, of a boring end. Joan Fontaine is a bit much as the mousy second wife, but the young Olivier is all one might hope. With

Judith Anderson as an argument for temporary help. 7:30 pm, Mar 6, University Center, U of H. Free.

SUNOAY BLOODY SUNDAY. A perfectly realized film that nevertheless lacks resonance. Perhaps the paopla and events are too bound to their time, place, and caste — in any case, especially on repeated viewing, the film wears thin. But go. Directed by John Schlesinger from a (marvelous) screenplay by Penelope Gilliat. Although Schlesinger still can't resist the easy joke, the film is probably his best job to date. Peter Finch gives a performance that redams his career, and Gilda Jackson has never been better. Gaylynn, 771-1261, and the Shamrock Four, 666-1546. R (SEE REVIEW, PAGE 14)

TWO DAUGHTERS. Directed by Setyallit Ray. As in all of Ray's films, the sensibility is difficult to work into — but worth it. 8 pm, Mar 10. Library auditorium, U of H. Free.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED. Whether you catch the sequel ("Childran of the Damned") on talavision or not, see this one. A British terror, with George Sanders. Accompanied by chapter two of the original "Flash Gordon" serial. Dynamite. Opens Mar 8 at the Park III Film Festival.

WR — MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM. Okay, let's get one thing straight: the word is "organism," not "orgasm." But don't let that turn you off; this farcical Yugoslav film is just about as explicit as they come. Fun, too — and a real coup in that the film arrives in Houston before its ideas are worn out by commercial limitations. Directed by Dusan Makavejev, the film was a hit last fall at the N.Y. Film Festival and winner of the Quinzaine des Realisateurs at Cannes last year. Featuring, among others, J.V. Stalin (ghost) and Jakle (or Jackie) Curtis — depending on which sex she/he is feeling that day. See it. Opens Mar 8 at the Park III, 522-5632.

X, Y, AND ZEE. Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Savannah York have it all ways and down the middle. Galleria Cinema, 626-4011. (REVIEW NEXT WEEK)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT. Lindsay Anderson failed to make "if —" come alive — largely, perhaps, because he had this classic staring over his shoulder. Directed by Jean Vigo in 1932 — one of the greats. 8pm, Mar 10. Rice Media Center, 522-7997. Free.

Theater

The Alley Theatre
615 Texas Ave. 228-8421.
HADRIAN VII. Peter Luke's play (after the novel by Frederick Rolfe) of a season or two ago. William Trotman directs a cast headed by Robert Casper. Champagne opening (domestic or imported?), 8pm, Mar 2. Thereafter, 8:30 pm, Tues-Fri; 5 and 9 pm, Saturdays; 2:30 and 7:30 pm Sundays. Thru April 2. (SEE REVIEW, BACK COVER)

Bellaire High School
5100 Maple. 667-2064.
GUYS AND DOLLS. The Frank Loesser musical, from the Damon Runyon stories. 8pm, Mar 3-4.

Fondren Street Theatre
Fondren at Daffodil. 783-9930.
PINOCCHIO. A musical adaptation of the tale. 2 pm, Saturdays and Sundays thru March 12.

SALVATION. A rock opera. C.C. County, author of the off-Broadway show, has made script alterations for this production - and assisted Phil Oesterman with the direction.

Houston Music Theatre
7326 Southwest Freeway. 771-6374.
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. A musical for children mostly - although the fable itself could stand a quick review by a few politicians. 2 pm, Saturdays through April 8.

Jewish Community Center
5601 South Braeswood. 729-3200.
PINOCCHIO. A version with large puppets performed by the national touring company of the Nicolò Marlonettes. 1:30 and 3:30 pm, Mar 5.

Playwright's Showcase
6265 Main. 524-3168.
DISCOURSE/VIETNAM. Playwright Peter Weiss does the discursing, in a production mounted by director Roger Glade. With Anthony Blyth, Stewart Papavassilou, Al Footnick. 8 pm, Fridays and Saturdays, thru March.

Southwest Theater Guild
2419 Times Blvd. 528-8813 or 667-8480.
HAY FEVER. Community theater groups might be ill-advised to take on Noel Coward, but see for yourself. Opens Mar 10, weekends thereafter.

HBC Opera Company
AUDITIONS for Benjamin Britten's comic opera "Albert Herring" will be held March 4 and 11 for a May production. This fine company deserves widespread audience and performer support. For information, phone Dr. William Guthrie at 774-7661.

Houston Civic Music Association
Ticket information: 668-6605.

ROSEMARY SILVERSTEEN, violinist, and Albert Hirsch, pianist, performing Beethoven's "Spring" Sonata, Opus 24, and the Sonata for violin and piano of Cesar Franck. Also, Ms. Silversteen, pianist Linda Watson, and Samuel Thiel perform the Brahms Horn Trio. 8:30 pm, March 2. Agnes Arnold Auditorium No. 1. Free.

Sanctuary
5203 Montrose. 523-1084.
11 COMMANOMENTS—\$2.50 on weekends, \$2 through the week.

Old Quarter
1403 Congress. 226-7902.
March 3, MICKEY WHITE. March 4, GEORGE ENSLEY. \$1.

Sandees
4822 South Park. 748-9500
DEERFIELD—March 3 & 4. \$5.00 admission. Starts at 8 Friday, 9 Saturday.

Sand Mountain
1213 Richmond. 528-8164.
LOCAL TALENT this week, national stuff later on this month. Beer for the first time in seven years. Admission is \$1.25.

U of H Coffeehouse
MIKE WILLIAMS—Nat'l coffeehouse circuit. March 3 & 4. 8 pm. \$5.00 UH students, others \$7.75.

Music Hall
BRUCE, WEST, AND LANG—Jack Bruce of Cream plus two of Mountain's men, March 29, 8 pm.
SEATRIN, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL OAY—March 21, 8 pm.
GOROON LIGHTFOOT—March 9, 8 pm.

Coliseum
DEEP PURPLE, BUDDY MILES—March 19.

Hofheinz Pavilion
EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER—The knife-throwing moog player and his pals, April 23, 9 pm.

Paintings and Plasties

("plastic, adj. having to do with or involving molding or modeling; that expresses itself in three dimensions")

Contemporary Arts Museum
Montrose & Bissonnet. 526-3129.
The launching pad/airplane hangar/cookie cutter—it opens March 20. (SEE INTERVIEW, PAGE 8.)

Museum of Fine Arts
1001 Bissonnet. 526-1361.
OAYS ON THE RANGE: Artists in the

LATENT IMAGE. Old and new photographs of Houston. A feast for the eye. 1122 Bissonnet. 529-2343.

ALFRED LEE GALLERY. African tribal sculpture, jewelry and attire. An extremely friendly gallery. 3404 Roseland. 522-2519.

MARJORIE KAUFFMAN. A travelling exhibition of banners, designed by well-known artists. In the Galleria. 622-6001.

RIVER OAKS GALLERY. Fabric collages by Israeli artist Ella Rayayoni. River Oaks Blvd. at Westheimer. 522-6401.

ROBINSON GALLERIES. Works by Fantasia Peter Paone. Fantastical! 3220 Louisiana. 528-7674.

The Tube

Thu, Mar 2—
8:00 pm—AFTER THE FOX, typical Peter Sellers flick, entertaining. Ch 39

Fri, Mar 3—
3:30 pm—WAR OF THE WORLDS, our old friends the Martians demonstrate their own version of the electronic battlefield. Ch 11
6:30 pm—13 NEWS MAGAZINE, video features of local origin. Ch 13
12:30 pm—MONKEY BUSINESS, The Marx Brothers. Ch 11

Sat, Mar 4—
3:00 pm or thereabouts—BAO MAN OF BRIMSTONE, Wallace Beery sneers and squints his way into your heart. Ch 2
10:15 pm—CONDEMNED OF ALTONA, Sophia Loren & Max Schell in a heavy number about post-war Germany. Ch 11

Sun, Mar 5—
10:30 pm—DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, Spencer Tracy & Ingrid Bergman. Ch 2

Mon, Mar 6—
10:30 pm—CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED, if my memory serves me well, this was once a much-advertised horror film. Maybe yes, maybe no. Ch 11

Tue, Mar 7—
8:30 pm—THE AMAZON, 50,000 Indians live in primitive conditions in the Amazon basin. Possibilities here for a fine documentary. We'll see. Ch 2

Wed, Mar 8—
8:00 pm—ON THE BEACH, the last people left after the last war include Gregory Peck and Fred Astaire. It makes my blood run cold. Ch 39

Inns & Outs

THE SALT OF THE EARTH
Portrayal by a communist filmmaker of working class struggle in the southwest. Blacklisted by Hollywood in the 50's. Showing in University Center at UH on March 11 at 7:30 pm and 9:30 pm. 50¢ SOS.

GI COFFEEHOUSE
The Haymarket Square Coffeehouse, serving GIs and dependents at Fort Bragg, needs contributions (money, green stamps, used books) to keep it together and to relocate their facilities. To contribute, or to subscribe to their monthly newspaper, or to just find out what the hell's going on, write: Haymarket Square Collective Box 1312 Fayetteville, N. C. 28302

SIERRA CLUB
The Sierra Clubs have a dual purpose. They have been crusading for years to end the rape of the environment, and are especially vocal regarding the destruction of the few remaining wilderness areas. They also organize group seminars and outings in the wilds. The Houston chapter has planned several hikes and canoe trips for the coming month. To find out more about the Houston Sierra Club, attend one of their meetings, held on the third Tuesday of every month, 7:30 pm in the Great Southern Life Insurance Co. auditorium (3121 Buffalo Spwy) or write for a copy of their newsletter, The Lone Star Sierran, 7722 Pella, Houston, Tx., 77036

JUNK WANTED
The Latin American Cultural Exchange is beginning a re-cycling project. We need to find places where there are piles of paper, cardboard, aluminum cans, and glass jars & bottles. People can deliver them to the food co-op, Albany at Dennis on Sunday, or call us at 522-8296 and we can pick it up. We will also welcome volunteers to help in this worthy project.

BRIARPATCH IS BORN
Thorne Dreyer (remember him?) and Bobby Eakin (yes, ol' Bob!) are premiering their new weekday afternoon show this week on Pacifica. The show, called Briarpatch, is on from 12:15 pm to 3 pm Mon-Fri; it features interviews and barbed raps, conversational cultural commentary, live music, zany newscasts and weird telephone calls from folks like you. Incidentally, Mayo Thompson is now doing the 11 pm-3 am week-night slot and Space City! artist Bill Narum is on from 7-10 pm Sat nites and is designing the monthly radio guide. (That's KPFT, 90.1 FM)

ABORTION CONFERENCE
The Women's Abortion Action Committee (WAAC) at UT/Austin is sponsoring a state-wide conference for all women interested in working for the repeal of all

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HALL

1
INVOCATION
by Don Quaintance

2
UNCLE WILL
by Tom Sims

3
BLIMP GLIMPS
by Peter Yenne

SUNDAYS AND PATRICIA

I'd like to take some small exception with Patricia Gruben's fine essay on *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, featured in this issue. Homosexuality is made into an issue - if only obliquely - and is then defused in a particularly alarming way. The first couple of times I saw the film, I was rather amazed that the sexual preference of one lead, and the part-time occupation of another, seemed to be merely a given of the situation. Just there, in a perfectly neutral way.

But upon repeated viewing, I'm beginning to be bothered by a few odd Antonioni touches that are either cautionary or outrageous. If the former, Ms. Gruben's statement is in trouble; if the latter, the *film* is.

A group of children walk along, scraping broken bottles along the sides of parked cars; drunks wander through the streets in the rain, carrying a life-size poster of a stripper; drug addicts sit dazedly in a chemist's shop (this scene is fast becoming obligatory for any film set in any city); a group of skaters (one in drag) pass by. Did Schlesinger borrow some out-takes from *Blow-Up*?

Perhaps the scenes are just stuck in with no intent behind them. That's bad. But worse is the possibility that we are supposed to be witnessing our old friend Decadence. The chain of reasoning then becomes, "Why worry about some mild perversion like homosexuality, when all the rest is in rack and ruin?"

This begs the question. Either you accept homosexuality or you don't. To attempt to defuse it in this manner - by presenting it as the least of some variable number of evils - well, no progress is being made.

HOORAY FOR HOLMES

Since I've been in Houston, I've never been too impressed with the work of Ann Holmes, Fine Arts Editor at the Chronicle. Despite what appears to be a great amount of clout, Ms. Holmes is generally content to use that power only as a reporter. Her columns therefore often read as if they were lifted directly from a press release.

She surprised me then by coming up (in the Feb. 27 Zest Magazine) with a hard-hitting column that comes right out and says it: "Theatre in Houston is appallingly BORING."

What's more, the column goes on to say why - and what can be done about it. Even the touch-me-not Alley Theatre comes in for a full review; where expectations are highest, performance should be greatest.



Ming: "Flash Gordon, you die!" Others: "What?" "He can't do that!" Dale: "Oh, Flash!" See review of HADRIAN VII on page 20. Scene from FLASH GORDON, the original Republic Pictures serial, now playing (one chapter per week) at the Park III Film Festival.

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Unclassifieds, Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women and gay people. Not all "sex ads" are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't. We will generally accept ads however, for roommates which specify gay or straight, male or female, to avoid possible confusion when two parties get together. Space City! reserves the right to reject any ad, or to change or delete portions not in keeping with our policy.

COMING UP

Next week's arts coverage will include an essay on the Lecoq workshops at Rice, a continuing dialogue on women and film (centering on the current films *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *Cabaret* and *X, Y, and Zee*), possibly an interview with Jim Bernhard, Managing Director of the Society for the Performing Arts - and more.

Godfrey

FOR SALE: AC/DC portable stereo cassette player/recorder system in factory sealed carton with warranty. Retail for \$199.95, will accept best offer over \$130. Call 524-6071 between 8am and 9pm.

RIDE WANTED to Boulder, Colo., About Mar. 11 from Houston, Austin, or San Antonio. Call 926-4531.

FREE COUNSELING & ADVICE for cancelled, suspended, or declined insurance victims and how to reinstata suspended drivers license. Insurance for vans and motorcycles. Also includes income tax service (Reasonable). Call Lloyd Fita at 227-0008.

HELP! FEMALE ROOMMATE needed as soon as possible to share one bedroom apt, Call Sue, Mon-Fri after 2pm at 521-3296. (No 3day places).

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PSYCHIC READINGS: Betty Ann Lockhart, 829-2485. By appointment only.

WE BUY: SELL: & TRADE paperback books. Books are for reading pleasure, not wall-journaling, visitor-impressing pleasure. C'm by & browse around! Jody's Book Exchange, 4661 Calhoun, behind U of H, 748-3086.

QUIET STUDENT WITH OWN INCOME would like to share apt. with same. House is suitable, providing that the people are quiet & punctual also. Leave message for Steve Cordova at 523-0147 or come by 203 Dennis after 5:00. Need to move as soon as possible. Must be near U of H or TSU.

UNFURNISHED APARTMENT - actually, a very fine place, private entrance, share cooking facilities and book store soon to open. Would like someone very together. Two story house on Richmond. 527-0677.

BEAUTIFUL PERSON NEEDED to keep a house clean, can help with room and nourishment. 405 Tuam. Leave message.

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FOR SALE: 1969 VW, green with white interior, AM/FM radio; one owner, 39,000 miles; mechanically perfect, very clean. \$950. Call 692-8106.

LIFE BY BODY, OR LIFE BY SOUL? What is soul travel? Call ECKANKAR at 824-8954 or write ECKANKAR ASOST. P.O. BOX 8326, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89102.

NEED MY FRIEND GARY ABBITT to get in touch with me - Elizabeth Ann Toulinau immediately! Call 944-1816. Need you immediately, Gary!

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NEED A BABY SITTER IN MY HOME! Will pick you up & bring you back - please call! Pay every week. Linda CA3-9124. Hours: 9am - 6pm.

I'M IN PRISON and would like to get some mail from some young ladies, 16-22. I'm 19 w/m and a freak. Send a pitcher, OK? Pig Pen, po.827697, Box 777, Monroa, Wash. 98272.

BOB WATSON: or anybody knowing of his whereabouts, please contact Dorothy at 528-0036.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for what have you? Rolling Stone Issues 70 - 101; also, Space City's from Oct. 17, '70 to date. Call Rich at 522-8365.

WHAT ARE YOUR HEALTH RIGHTS? All medical patients have rights that are protected by law! Information and referral to free legal assistance in Harris Co. Call after 5:00, 523-1445. Medical Committee for Human Rights.

RIDE WANTED to Los Angeles, around mid-March. Will share expenses. Call 763-8700. (Galveston).

1965 FORD ECONOLINE VAN: a real beaut. Peneliled. \$500. Larry at 523-9492.



A corner



Flowers

cont. from 8 **Adler**

"There will be a show every other year on the city. This fall there will be a show entitled "The Invisible River." The idea is to make the bayous visible, to promote the idea that the bayous could be as fine a park waterway as that in any major city of the world."

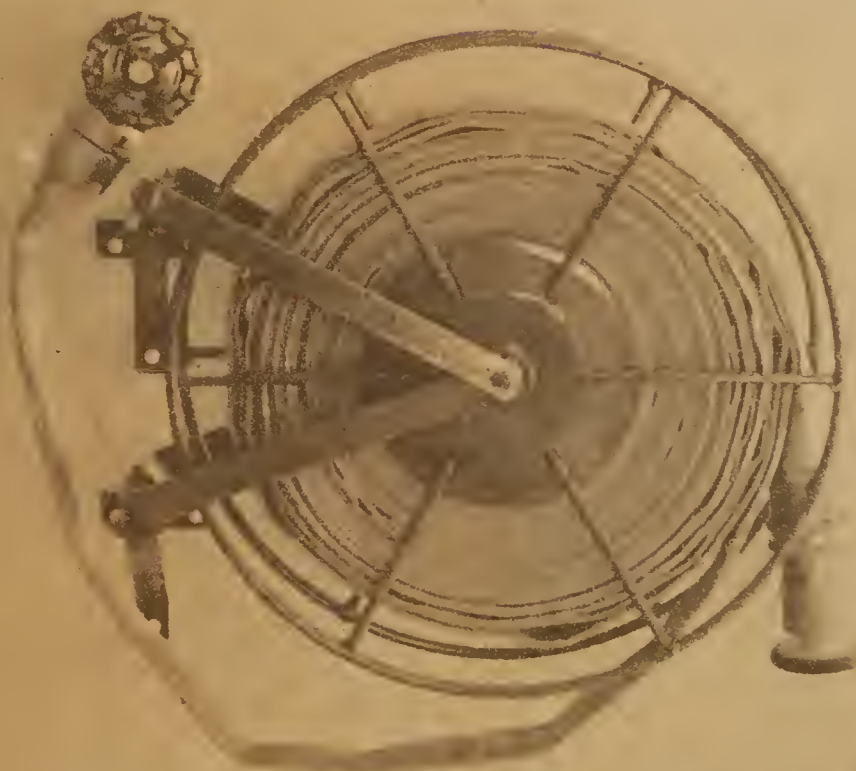
This project has already been in planning stages for a year; the honorary curator is Robert Sobel, of Neuhaus and Taylor. Hopefully, the show will do more than promote a major

reconsideration — the New Museum has no qualms about entering the battleground.

The concept of art has expanded beyond all measure, and we can expect Adler and the CAM to make full use of the expanded ideas. Given willingness to move ahead with what Adler calls "persistence, absolute damned persistence," the museum can hardly fail.

The doors to the new building open on March 20. Make sure they're wide open.

PLANTS AND FIREHOSES AS WORKS OF ART? . . . WHY NOT?



Firehose

Cinema

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

by Patricia Gruben

You'll sit through the whole movie waiting for Glenda Jackson to clench her teeth and mutter, "Sunday . . . Bloody Sunday!" but she never does and you'll go away, let down in the sappy despicable part of you that wanted to see somebody like Julie Christie in this role, but with new respect for John Schlesinger.

It's only indicative of the nice understatement in this collaboration of Schlesinger and scenarist Penelope Giliatt, and Schlesinger's victory over the self-indulgence of his earlier films. He is already known for *Darling* and *Midnight Cowboy*, but *Sunday Bloody Sunday* will probably make his reputation.

It studies a few days in the life of a three-way love affair: Bob, an artist (Murray Head) who divides his time between a frustrated career girl (Glenda Jackson) and a middle-aged physician (Peter Finch). In many ways it is reminiscent of *Darling* in its concentration on the deadlocks of personal relationships and in the look of several scenes, with the juxtaposition of small-scale interior shots against long exteriors. But rather than concentrating on the unsympathetic central figure, Schlesinger turns his attention to the unhappy competitors and their separate ways of coping.

We never see Bob alone or become interested in his past; inscrutability is sufficient. His greatest attraction is the benign smile with which he covers his entrances and exits from the alternate bedrooms. But between Alex (Jackson) and Daniel (Finch) are

drawn parallels and contrasts which explore the nature of love, loneliness and separation.

Alex is forever unsatisfied with half (although, as Bob says, "You're getting all there is") and frustrated by the knowledge that to ask for more is to get less. Daniel can't complain for two conflicting reasons — his role as doctor gives him a dignity and self-control not so easily shaken as Alex's; and his homosexuality removes the temptation of a Normal Life with Bob, which embarrasses Alex. She makes wry jokes against her will about getting engaged, although she is quite aware of the emptiness of married life and family.

The film begins and ends in the house of this trio's mutual friends, progressive married people with five outrageous children, one monkey, one dog and (Alex' enumeration of this menage is cut off before we can be sure she is finished).

The dog gets run over but you know they'll get another one, maybe a pregnant one. These five children, with their smeary MarksALots, paint as black a picture of domestic life as any misogynist could imagine, Summerhill or no.

But it is to this house that Alex brings Bob at the beginning of the film, and to it she returns, alone, at the end, meeting Daniel on his way out. Bob has left for New York to promote his kinetic sculpture to businessmen. Alex has made an effort to end her affair with Bob, but he leaves her with his pet toucan hanging from her neck. Daniel is preparing for the solitary vacation in Italy which he had

hoped to make with Bob.

This leads to his final soliloquy on the nature of his love — a parody of the confessions his patients come to make under the guise of physical complaint. Sitting at his office desk, he tells the camera how he has resigned himself to his unsatisfactory relationship: "They tell me he'll never make me happy. But I am happy ... But why am I telling you this? I only came about my cough." (By the way, don't go to this film expecting to see homosexuality made into an issue, because it isn't.)

A movie like this depends a great deal on its performances. Glenda Jackson is outstanding and Peter Finch gives a subtle and substantial account of himself. Murray Head as Bob in a less demanding role looks right, especially in a scene in which he comforts Alex in front of the bathroom mirror, all the while admiring his sympathetic smile. Even the little girl who plays Lucy, the self-righteous overweight little mother in that collection of uncontrollable children, is very good.

Schlesinger's editing style both in the camera and on the table is distinctive in all his work. He is devoted to the Traveling Closeup, the Focus Through, the Shock Cut and the Mystifying Montage, all of which I have found to be annoying in their disorienting effects.

In this film he has refined his techniques, but they keep us at a distance that doesn't seem quite proper. Shock cutting is his most characteristic device: a hard cut to an extreme closeup or an odd angle rendering the new scene not immediately identifiable, until the

camera obliges us by pulling back, focussing or otherwise setting things to rights. After a while you become conscious of being led by the camera, of being too obviously manipulated, aware of missing what is right outside the frame or out of focus.

Schlesinger is a textbook example of conspicuous editing, editing that we're willing to put up with on TV because we expect nothing beyond what we're given. But here we want time and freedom to explore ambiguous situations.

He is also known for montage sequences, containing some repetition of shots we have seen or will see, but mostly new material indicative of important details in a character's life. *Midnight Cowboy* had some real shockeroos. He's toned that down quite a bit in *Sunday*. Two flashback episodes illuminate family influences in Alex' and Daniel's childhoods in intelligible form.

But despite the excellent performances, despite the well-developed characterizations and the right look and feel of many details, the film lacks resonance. *Sunday Bloody Sunday* is narrow, a well-made film but certainly no masterpiece, and it seems to fail because it tries. A movie like *Petulia*, while no masterpiece either, and while lacking in depth as well, succeeds beyond its own level of superficiality because technique supports so perfectly the episode and directionless lives of its characters.

Schlesinger's techniques are somewhat reminiscent of Lester's but he is unwilling to grant them the superficiality they demand, and unable to transcend them.



Peter Finch, Murray Head, and Glenda Jackson form three sides of the triangle in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*.

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Modern Times

by Joel Barna

There is something odd, something dangerous about even the most innocent laughter.

There is too much of the bark about it, too much showing of teeth. We laugh at irrational things, things that proceed by a logic autonomous of the "normal" logical relations of things.

Comedy, especially in slapstick, its primary form, is inseparable from an atmosphere of more or less grotesque animation, within which everything is alive and about to burst onto the scene, where all properties are exaggerated, where human responses are too slow, or ill-chosen, or inadequate.

An utterly alive universe in unmanageable — things cannot be counted on to stay where they belong.

In a dark movie house, one can too readily see the animals howling behind our skulls at our vulnerability to the workings of a world which resists all our manipulation; we see ourselves laughing to protect our tenuous peace when rationality has failed.

Comedy begins in the fear that things are not a controllable as we depend on them to be. Its power lies in its movement beyond fear, its insistence that man can survive.

Comedy requires that the laughter maintain a certain distance from the object of the laughter: too much involvement evaporates risibility. We are insulated from the force of the blows which fall on Oliver Hardy's head — otherwise they wouldn't be funny. If he gets hurt, it's all right. But — and this is the point behind which all comedic effect follows — he won't really be hurt: he survives, and engages in an escalating, impossibly destructive and incongruous series of retaliations and injuries. Had the first blow killed him, we could not have laughed.

By some mysterious means, we learn from the episode that since the most outrageous assaults do no serious harm to him, they will not seriously harm us. Our laughter is something of an incantatory recognition of the power of hope, of the insuppressibility of human life. If all things in the world are equally alive, then they are also equally surmountable.

There is a good reason why Charlie Chaplin is the greatest genius of the silent cinema. No one else so perfectly matched the temper of the times and his medium. Chaplin turned the comic animation of the world inwards, and he let it show in gestures and expressions, with almost unbelievable rapidity, piled nuance upon meaning upon significance.

His comic equipment were his body and his clothing: everything else was a prop. Chaplin collapsed a universe into himself. In doing so, he rearranged notions of the tragic and the comic, collapsing them as well, and from this he gets his good old Aristotelian magnitude.

In classical notions of tragedy, the tragic figure was of necessity, an important, a noble character, whose actions affected not just himself but many others as well. From the eighteenth century on, however, democratization worked its way into the arts (which were all becoming popular arts). The political position of a nobleman in society was revealed in the arts as not necessarily related to any sort of virtue or nobility of spirit — if anything it indicated his rapacity.

In the cinema, the most popular of all arts (before television), the classical

notion sank finally under its own useless weight. All men were equal: equally ludicrous, according to Chaplin.

The cruel young villain Chaplin makes of himself in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, *The Rink* and *The Cure* is a parody of that nobleman. Stripped of caste pretensions, a man doing cruel or foolish things is a fool.

By the same token, the Tramp of *The Gold Rush*, for all the rawness of Chaplin's emphasis on physical deprivation and loneliness, comes through the cold a refined, sensitive man — and he gets the girl (albeit more by dogged obtuseness than sensitivity; this, however, merely redounds to the credit of his instincts.)

Moreover, his sensitivity is accessible. It comes from that same store of humanity on which we all can draw. We take on the Tramp's new dignity: our common bond gives the film added resonance. Sitting in the flicker of the projector, we are pleased to share his perception.

Modern Times, now showing at the Alabama Theater, is more difficult and diffuse. Charlie is again the Tramp. He starts out as a nut-tightener in a nightmarish factory. The work is unbearable, and drives him to a nervous breakdown. He spends the rest of the film in and out of jail, looking for work, trying to find some security for himself and an orphan girl he has befriended. The factory owners and the union keep him from working when he wants to. The warden of the prison puts him out on the street when he doesn't want to go.

Left to himself, he drifts. The girl fills him with responsibility — a useless commodity when there's nothing to do but steal for a living.

At the end of the film, they have nothing more substantial between them than a song and a smile, hordes of authorities swarming behind them and some rather bleak hills ahead.

It's an uncompromisingly egalitarian vision Chaplin presents — the modern world is inhospitable to the man with his nobility hidden inside, instead of on public display.

But the situation is good for a lot of great jokes.

Experimental Film Festival

Ten films — a total of 135 minutes — by local independent filmmakers will be shown at the first Houston Experimental Film Festival. The event is scheduled to begin at 7:30 pm, Mar. 2, at Liberty Hall, 1610 Chenevert.

The films and filmmakers:

INVOCATION, Oon Quaintance. 16mm color animation, 15 mins.
MAYO, Benny Castaneda. Super 8mm color, 15 mins.
UNCLE WILL, Tom Sims. 16mm color, 10 mins.
BLIMP GLIMPS, Peter Yenne. Super 8mm color, 12 mins.
ANIMATION, Tom Franzen. 16mm color, 8 mins.
A REVOLUTIONARY RAP, Mike Zeig-finger. Super 8mm color and b/w, 45 mins.
BOUNDARY, David Gerth. 16mm color, 5 mins.
HILLMANS, Oon Quaintance and Sharon Baba. Super 8mm color, 9 mins.
THE WAY OF THE ARROW, Jay Hinkle. 16mm color, 3 mins.
EXPRESS, Goran Milutinovic. 16mm color, 15 mins.
COWS, Grant Fehr. Super 8mm color, 9 mins.

Merry Clayton!



Merry Clayton's arrival and subsequent shows at the Palace Club emphasized the major problems audiences face, not just here, but nationwide.

People have been conditioned so long, they have stood in so many lines, they've been burned so often that it now has become fashionable as well as downright smart to stay cool and fade into the scene. And be sure to keep your eyes open to see what the other people are doing. While these tactics are no doubt apropos in the army or at work, they don't cut it at a rock show.

No matter how high and mighty they seem, performers are incurable parasites. The audience is their host and they must have approval fed back to them on their lonely perch. Applause is not enough. A performer must have his or her ego fed by outrageous shows of not just approval but absolute worship.

As this flow starts coming, the artist feels it, puts out more, reaps more approval and gets in on more with the whole experience spiraling upward from there into come-what-may. Remember that a performer ceases to be without an audience. You made these people stars, now go out and love 'em a little in public.

Two gigantic revolving spotlights marked the first Houston appearance of Merry Clayton. The twin beams rose a mile through the sludge to herald Merry's shows. At 24, Ms. Clayton has been recording ten years, has two albums of her own and was lead Raellet for Ray Charles for two years.

She electrified the rock world with her knockout performance of "Gimme Shelter" on the Stones' *Let it Bleed* and has received raves from the New York Times. Although she was not widely known until her work with the Stones, Merry had done session work for the likes of the Supremes, Elvis, Bobby Darin, Pearl Bailey, Joe Cocker and Leon Russell.

The Palace tops the Montrose building ten floors up. The state faces south; behind and to either side, you see the lights of the city open to you from Spring Branch to Pearland.

The floor-to-ceiling glass walls line the perimeter of the l-shaped club. There is a glassed-in control booth for the lights and the 45-records played between sets. The audience sits on the floor or lies against the walls. Square clear light boxes function as pulsating

tables. After a brief tuneup, with no fanfare . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, Merry Clayton."

*Well I'm a steamroller baby
Gonna roll all over you*

Casually attired in jeans, shirt, sweat shirt, one earring and sandals, Ms. Clayton put a bluesy flavor to the original. Lead guitar, electric bass, drums and electric piano backed her up forcefully. The band was loud, but Merry cut right through with her husky, throbbing tones. She does a lot of screamin' but also exhibits choice crooning on Russell's "Song to You."

This night she did a 50-minute show. Midway through, her husband, tenor sax Curtis Amy, hopped up to blast some devastating licks. Curtis had been Ray Charles' musical director when he married Merry.

She was quite good; she received enthusiastic applause after each number but the dance floor remained a sacred spot until the finale, a 10-minute blazing rendition of "Gimme Shelter." Suddenly the staid, desultory crowd was alive, squirming, wiggling, writhing away madly in a jam-packed mass. Sadly though, that was it. No encore. They just packed and went.

Houston woke up to Merry's life, her genius just a little late. And now she's gone. Didn't even wait for Space City's interview the next morning. Bye Merry, maybe next time we'll be ready.

— John Lomax

MUSIC

Platter Chatter



by John Lomax

Babbacombe Lee * Fairport Convention *** A&M *** No times listed**
Babbacombe Lee tells the remarkable story of Englishman John Lee, sentenced to die for the murder of his elderly employer. Although protesting his innocence Lee was put on the scaffold to die three times. Three times the mechanism failed to drop him to his doom. He was then removed and imprisoned for 23 years, but no further attempts were made to carry out the sentence.

The story itself is fantastic. An eight page booklet with the album details Mr. Lee's misfortune and the record is the musical version. Fairport has regrouped again for this outing; they are now a quartet: Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg, Dave Swarbrick and Dave Mattacks. I like *Babbacombe Lee* better than any of their recent discs; the Convention still reminds me of old England with dulcimers and mandolins, yet the rock backbone is firmer here. If you haven't heard any of their work, this is a fine introduction. A timeless tale told consecutively through the record. A tale which rates as highly for its dramatic content as for the excellent musical setting the band weaves around it. 91

Tightly Knit * Climax Blues Band *** Sire (Distributed by Polydor) S1 16m 50s S2 21m 55s**

Tightly Knit is wound up like a sprung \$3 clock. The band trips adroitly and highly commercially through light blues, precise rock and a novelty tune.

Rollicking. The instruments are well integrated; material is original with the group with the exception of Robert Johnson's "Come on in my Kitchen." In *Tightly Knit* the band expounds upon the theme that stealing a person's socks is a mighty low crime. Hence the shavetail on the cover with said socks in mouth.

I once knew a guy who did glue and did so much that no sock within a 2-block radius was safe. No sock, however grungy, was ruled ineligible to be anointed. Sick! But the record is not. Awfully good in fact, albeit a trifle spotty. Their later discs should take care of that drawback. 89.

Sailin' Shoes * Little Feat *** Warner-Reprise *** S1 m s S2 m**
Chief feat Lowell George & bass Roy Estrada paid earlier dues with the Mothers

of Invention while Richard Hayward drummed in the Fraternity of Man. The band played second to the Allmans last fall and was in town earlier for a gig I think, at the old Catacombs. They even wrote a song, "Texas Rose Cafe," about Houston. How about that! It's here along with "Teenage Nervous Break-down," 2:10 of sizzling rock guaranteed to warp your mind.

Some contend that rock and roll is bad for
the body and bad for the soul
bad for the heart bad for the mind
bad for the deaf bad for the blind
makes some men crazy and then they
talk like fools makes some men crazy
and then they start to drool

Lowell sings and does most of the writing. All the tunes herein originated with the group. Nasty: harmonica, low down blues with slide guitar, Sheaky Pete for two numbers on steel, and even a slug of whimsy particularly apt in these days of Chinophilia:

well my telephone was ringing and they told me it was
chairman mao
well my telephone was ringing and they told me it was
chairman 'mao
you go to tell him anything cause I just don't want to
talk to him now
I have a apolitical blues and its the meanest blues of all

Much more listenable than Zappa. The Feat have a good-time approach to their music that lulls you and charms you until they tear into a stemwinder like the break in "Texas Rose." 90

Harvest * Neil Young *** Warner-Reprise *** S1 18m 04s S2 19m 06s**

Can this be the fourth album from Neil Young, that everyone has been saving up for since the fall when most Harvests are reaped? Surely this project did not involve Ben Keith, Kenny Buttrey, Tim Drummond and Jack Nitzsche as his backup — the Stray Gators? And James Taylor, Linda Ronstadt, David Crosby, Stephen Stills and Graham Nash? And the London Symphony Orchestra for two cuts? And it still turned out this dreary?

Make no mistake, *Harvest* is a skillfully crafted work. The new songs are pretty, Neil's voice as vulnerably beautiful as ever and the backup is solid. The Young mood, a blend of dust, melancholy, that little quiver as his voice catches in his throat, the round-about words never quite clear; all those elements are here. What we don't get however is any rockers; nothing to relieve the incessant slow tempo.

Remember things like "Cinnamon Girl," "Cowgirl in the Sand," "Down by the River" and "Southern Man?" This lack of any snarl in his guitar causes the record to bog down for me, even though some of the individual cuts are excellent. Both studio and live formats are utilized capably; the end product is just a little too tight. No powerful drive to Neil's axe, just that easyflow like in "Only Love can Break your Heart" from *After the Gold Rush*. *Harvest* fails though to maintain the level attained in *Gold Rush*. Considering the 18 month wait, a disappointment; to be sure a disappointment to be enjoyed. 85

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POTTER



* * * * *

Well, I've been having trouble connecting with my distributor and all that came my direction this week is *The Scruggs Brothers* on Vanguard. It will be hard to say anything bad about them for I have become an ardent fan since they appeared earlier last month at the U. of H.

The record is definitely the brothers' own style with help from their dad, Earl, on just two cuts. Of 11 songs, six are either written or rearranged by them. My favorites are on side two; all the songs have that distinctive, mournfully haunting and beautifully fresh smoothness.

"Bugler" is a song about "a lunatic hound and a redneck child," and really makes me think about my childhood, and my two insane mutts. Especially good is a song called "Lowlands," a place that we all know. The banjo picking of Randy Scruggs is really superb. Tracy Nelson wins more of my admiration for helping out in some of the background vocals.

When they use electrical equipment on such pieces like "Rock 'N Roll Gypsies" and "Lonely Living," I am reminded of the Byrds at their peak.

"Oh Faith," by Diane Hilderbrand, exemplifies the theme of the record — they have it together, and it's just too much to be so simple.

I'm about to hitch off to Nashville, but they are still on tour, so I guess I'll see them and you, at Dripping Springs, Tex. (near Austin), on March 17-20. Supposed to be people like Kristofferson, Merle Haggard, Buck Owens, Charley Pride, Bill Monroe and others.

— Scout Schacht

Melanie

by John Wilson

Once in the town of Houston a dichotomy was drawn and on the one hand were the straights and on the other were the crooked. And it so happened that the straights listened to top-40 and the crooked listened to bottom 40 and anything that appeared on the top-40 very seldom made its way down to the bottom because the crooked were above all that and much too grown up to be bothered with straight top-40 music.

But it so happened that one day the top-40 station and some other people who associated with them brought to Houston a girl singer named Melanie who used to be crooked until she started being appreciated on top-40 and then the crooked disliked her and it became a great sin to say one had heard of Melanie or even liked her and if you professed to do so you were a little less crooked.

But there was one among them who had listened to Don McClean's "American Pie" just before it went out of the bottom-40 onto the top-40 and so he knew about symbolism in songs and he knew something about Melanie that made her great or at least okay: that being the frank sexual outlook to "Brand New Key," which was one of the chief reasons the crooked had taken such a recent dislike to Melanie. The song was about a girl reaching puberty (skates) and the boy reaching the same place (brand new key, penis, phallic) and the girl wanted to try it on for size. That is very explicit, if you know what you are looking for and although it will never make *Life*, it might make a medical journal. And he went on to say that in "Brand New Key" the girl brags how she has gone pretty far, which in locker room parlance means doing it, (vb.) fuck. And she had even gone around the world, which again is something you do in terms of sexual acts and the one versed in symbolism started to wonder why there were so many children at the concert for this Melanie because parent straights had never thought sex good before and so he was a little puzzled but it helped him to see something different in Melanie that made him reassess the crooked attitude toward her and he decided they were missing a singer who could really sing and put nuances into songs that had never been there before or never would again until she sang that song and he thought that she was good and a great vocal technician who had feeling enough to overcome banal lyrics and he wondered what she might do with other peoples songs that had more substance plus a group to back her up and he thought that surely she would become recognized as one of the best vocalists around and he thought how it was sad she did not get more recognition and he was glad that he went to the concert with the straights and he didn't care about the crooked anymore.

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Experienced Shopper Compares Prices

Space City!

Glad to see the practical report on getting soaked at the supermarket (Carole Kneeland - S.C. No.37) and hope that you will make such info a regular feature.

BUT: the standard grocery items selected for comparison make a poor shopping list - nothing typical about two varieties of tuna, much less two kinds of premium beer. And who buys one can of asparagus along with 5 lbs. of dog food? Why brand name stuff? Some house brands or even so-called off brands may be just as good, and info in this area would make a good article in itself. Though I guess it's only natural for a story on rip-off prices to go heavy on the rip-off type of item, I still don't like the proof to be quite so slanted.

I've been buying for years for a household of ten or more; so, of necessity, I've had to develop some sense of price/quantity/quality. On the strength of the article, I shopped

Saturday for part of our needs at the Westheimer Piggly-Wiggly, but bought only \$7.48 out of my \$60 spending, without liquor or tobacco. The visit confirmed my previous impression that PW's prices are far from consistently competitive. Example: a 10-oz. Nescafe instant coffee at \$1.89 which A&P on Shepherd had, same day, for \$1.66, and Kroger on Gray is still selling for \$1.39!

I see A&P isn't listed - have I missed a boycott? It went discount a few months back, but the "reductions" were either nonexistent or inconsequential, though their actual price range isn't bad at all. Lately I've found Kroger O.K. for the staples on the basic list. Including the food co-op, everybody's produce prices have been out of sight of late. Also - though I don't shop them - what about Eagle and Target? As for pricing at convenience stores like 7-Eleven and U-Totem, you might as well include Ding-Ling's and other mom-and-pop stores (supermarkets?).

If you have transport and time, of course the best bet is to shop specials, particularly loss leaders and stock up when possible. I bought at nine (!) groceries this past week - Kroger, Weingarten, A&P, two Lucky Seven stores, United Foods on Farnham, Richwood and Piggly-Wiggly - without going too much out of the way.

Incidentally, I got a couple of fair bargains at Richwood; and exchanged a "How are things with your wine problem?" pleasantries with the owner, my intention being to make sure he

was now in line; but, probably seeing me as an "O.K." old white middle class type, he laid it out that he's suing the union that caused him all that trouble and expects to get damages, and will have the "problem" wines back on the shelf as soon as possible.

Ado, for now,
Vince Williams

Who Else Is Going to Tell Us

Dear Space City!

Couldn't we have more local news? The news column is good and I really appreciate your movie reviews, but I long for the kind of material you've done such as Chapman's feature on U. of H.

Surely there are a lot more of these things to be said. Please don't think that local folk all have become jaded about corruption, we need to know more about it and who else is going to tell us?

I really appreciate your existence and all the good things you have meant to me. By the way, NAM (New American Movement) interests me a lot and I would like to be included in further development.

Gene Lantz
Houston

[Thank you for your gentle chastisement. We could not agree with you more. But, swallowing our foolish pride about our current situation, we

should say that our resources at present make it extremely difficult for us to produce regularly the kind of in-depth, interpretive journalism you are thinking about. It's hard times for Space City!, folks, in many ways, and we need all the help we can get. That means money, equipment, personnel, ideas with people to follow them up, vendors, distribution people, everything. If you have anything at all to offer, please leave a message at WHO CARES, Inc., 688-2265. Editors.]

Nest-Building Feedback

Space City!

I expect you'll be receiving lots of letters about Robert Finlay's "women's nesting instinct" comment . . . (SC., no.36) I expect you expected to when you printed the blasphemous thing.

What I want to know is, why did you? Print it I mean. Would you print a review referring to the blacks' native inability to comprehend the concept of "doing something while standing still"? Because of their natural rhythm, perhaps? Maybe you just printed it to invite some feedback, yes? Or to show Mr. Finlay where he's at? I can sort of go along with that. I hope he learns something.

With all due irony
Lois

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Angela

Cont. from 5

CALIFORNIA DEATH PENALTY ABOLISHED

Angela had been held without bail for those 16 months under a California statute that requires a judge to refuse bail in "capital cases where the presumption or proof of guilt is great." Bail is required by law in all other cases. Arnason had denied bail motions several times in the course of pre-trial hearings, despite a recommendation from the Marin County Probation Office that Angela be released on \$100,000 bond. (Angela was held for months in Marin County before the trial was moved to San Jose, county seat of Santa Clara County.)

More than half a million people across the country have signed petitions which were then submitted to Arnason, demanding Angela's release on bail. Several attorneys, including members of the Northern California ACLU and the dean of Howard University Law School, have filed *amicus curie* briefs on behalf of bail motions made by the Davis defense team.

However, on Friday, Feb. 18, the California Supreme Court ruled in a six-to-one decision that the state's death penalty constituted "cruel and unusual punishment." Thus, capital cases, or cases in which the defendant may be executed if found guilty, no longer exist in California. Angela's defense team quickly went to court to argue that the legal justification for withholding bail no longer existed, and five days later Ms. Davis walked out into the sunshine.

In a San Jose news conference the day after her release, Angela said that "the abolition of the death penalty is definitely related to all the prison struggles that have been going on in this country these last few years." A small nationwide group of lawyers, organized by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, have brought hundreds of capital cases to the U.S. Supreme Court and have managed to stay all executions in the country since 1967.

In California, there has been strong popular opposition to the death penalty since the unsuccessful attempt to save the life of Caryl Chessman, who was executed in the gas chamber in 1959. There will now be an attempt to have the U.S. Supreme Court abolish the death penalty nation-wide, an act which would spare the lives of 579 men and women on Death Rows across the country.

In California, 102 men and five women, most of them on San Quentin's Death Row, will live because of the decision. Some of these convicts are famous, like Sirhan Sirhan, convicted for the murder of Robert Kennedy, and Charles Manson, sentenced to death for a Hollywood murder. All will now serve life sentences, with the possibility of parole. The order also possibly saved the lives of Magee, the Soledad Brothers and the San Quentin Six, all of who, if convicted, would have been put to death as convicts murdering non-convicts.

California Gov. Ronald Reagan, who saw one of his own "law and order" appointees to the court vote with the majority, told the press that he still believed the death penalty a necessary part of the judicial process. The majority of Californians, he said, still favored the death penalty, and he called for an amendment to the state constitution to overturn the decision.

Greenhouse

Cont. from 3

snip when a waiter or waitress says a customer is in a hurry," Baiamonte said. "They usually answer, 'Tell them to go to Jack-in-the-Box.'"

The Greenhouse menu is varied largely along vegetarian lines, although you can purchase one meat dish, International Fowl. The average price of a meal is about \$2. This may be prohibitively expensive or gloriously cheap, according to your budget, but you can rest assured that whatever meal you order will satisfy your appetite. A plate of sauteed vegetables on a bed of brown rice may not look like much, but you may well find yourself stuffed three quarters of the way through.

Although no Space City! reporter can qualify as a gourmet, we must say that the food here is excellently prepared. One popular dish is Green Ringers -- stuffed bell peppers for \$2.25. For \$2 you can have a custom made omelet. Eggplant fans might enjoy The Eggplant That Ate Chicago for \$1.50. For a substantial lunch, you could try the homemade soup (50 cents) and one of four sandwiches, three of which cost 75 cents each. If you like a variety of odd cheeses, you might order the cheese plate, but pass this one up if you're a strict cheddar fan. The bread is dark and made from the proverbial organic scratch -- 50 cents a plate.

The wine list includes nine imported wines, two domestic wines and a weekly special served by the glass. A glass of wine costs 50 cents. Be advised: if you haven't much money, don't plan to get inebriated at a restaurant, because restaurant wine is never inexpensive. Shiner and Budweiser beer costs 45 cents a bottle.

Baiamonte says that the restaurant serves as much actual organic food as is financially feasible. The bread, the grains, the rice and a few of the vegetables are organically grown, as are most spices and herbs. Organic chickens, he says, are out of the question. If someone would start an organic vegetable farm near by, he said, the restaurant could afford purer fare.

The management tries to keep the air in the dining area clean, however: cigaret smoking (not to mention other kinds of smoking) is prohibited in the main dining room. But for those who have not kicked the habit, there is a sitting room in the back where you can inhale freely. Paintings by local artists decorate the walls here, and Baiamonte tells us that they just acquired new canvases from talented Houston artist Bob Regal. Local folks also provides musical entertainment most evenings: most musicians work for meals, tips plus a few extra dollars, if the place enjoys a successful evening.

Baiamonte said that he hopes to expand the menu soon to include more summery fare, like salads and "smoothies" -- "if we can afford a blender," he adds. "As soon as spring comes, this place will bloom," he said exuberantly.

At present, the physical layout of the restaurant can accomodate perhaps 30 tables of customers. If expansion becomes necessary, Baiamonte said, the sitting room will become a dining room and the lounge area will be moved upstairs into the two apartments the managers also lease.

If you're a steak and potatoes devotee, the Greenhouse is not the place to go, unless you're interested in expanding your tastes. (As one of our carnivorous friends put it, after finishing off his plate of vegetables and brown rice, "This would be great with a side order of roast beef.") If you find the prices at the Natural Child too expensive for your budget, you won't do much better at the Greenhouse -- a little better, perhaps, but not much. But if you can afford to eat out at all, you can certainly afford to dine at the Greenhouse.

Hours are 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m., except on Sundays during which only afternoon hours apply.

(Next week: The Hobbit Hole, of the avocado sandwich and the smoothie.)

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The Alley in Old Age

Hadrian VII

by Ebenezer Cooke

The baroque mentality that once urged Cecil B. DeMille to produce his unseemly religious epics by drowning them in eclectic detail and making genial sticks out of mighty Biblical figures, has, in the past, leaked its way onto the large stage of the Alley Theatre. . . the same theater that produced *Galileo* and *Saint Joan*, those forgettable attempts at "significance" (the productions, not the plays) which the Alley yanked across its boards in a dramatic style lying somewhere between squeak and gibber.

Now, in a less pretentious manner, we have *Hadrian VII* by Peter Luke out of Frederick William Serafino Austen Lewis Mary Rolfe, which I saw previewed recently.

I should like to stress that the play is fascinating. It is — oh bliss, oh joy — literate, and, while intentionally plotless, dynamic and dramatically arresting. Its protagonist fumes and staggers through labyrinths of the dark-night-of-the-soul that would be the envy of Kierkegaard. Its lesser folk are precisely imaged and shaped and are employed most happily in their conflicts with the protagonist, giving him drive and substance.

So, why then does it not work as it should? Why, instead of the juice of drama, do we get the starch of rubrics?

Perhaps the problem stems from the eternal need of the Alley to find plays of which they stand in awe or that will intimidate them. . . plays whose profundity is beyond the ken of those involved, so that instead of producing such plays they pay homage to them — an homage, incidentally, which is always characterized in terms of Norman Rockwell cuteness. (Recall if you can, their Santa Claus Galileo, their Betty Boop Saint Joan, both, no doubt, influenced by DeMille's Moses, whose religious roots went no deeper than Charlton Heston's henna rinse).

In short, the Alley, while it is to be commended for attempting a play of the stature of *Hadrian VII*, needs to go beyond the trappings of religiosity that abound in it and reveal the weft. Put another way, I urge the Alley to spend less time on determining at what point the confessor should kiss the stole, and more time on getting the actors to reveal the interior life of the characters.

Perhaps the director, William Trotman, seduced by the Byzantine society that thrives within the theater, could not free himself from its embrace long enough to breathe into the play the necessary directorial life that can only come from one person and not from a committee.



Robert Casper plays the title role of Hadrian VII in Alley Theatre's production of the Peter Luke Play.

(Surely, only a committee decision could have had the procession of cardinals enter down aisles two and four instead of keeping them on stage; but, the Alley rarely misses the opportunity to admire its handiwork in the costume department [c.f. the Pope's costume in *Galileo*] so, on come the episcopate crew, trailing clouds of glory while the play, paying silent tribute to this self-indulgence, stops. Of course, this was the only time in which the aisles were used, thus confirming the suspicions of all that this moment had nothing to do with the play.)

Or, perhaps the actors sensed the malaise of their director and brought this with them onto the stage. Whatever the reason, the production, for the most part, stammers and yawns in timidity and rarely yields rhythms proper to the play's structure.

Since this is a play of small but intense moments, it demands attention not to surface but to sub-textual details. And, as the play is a *tour de force* for the protagonist, it is he who is most responsible for realizing that sub-text.

At the outset, Robert Casper's Rolfe, the lonely, frustrated priest tormented by the insensitive and cretinous behavior of his fellows, was more a

man tormented by the production, what with recalcitrant cigarets and deciduous props. True, this was a preview and Mr. Casper (as well as his brother actors) were fighting lines, but the tics and agitation of the character were displaced by the actor's frenzy in getting those lines out into the ether.

Tension was in abundance, but it was mere surface tension. Let me add that Mr. Casper was not assisted in the early scenes (or in the later ones for all that) by George Ebeling's Bailiff/Cardinal portrayals. Apparently Mr. Ebeling saw fit to do battle with his character rather than to yield to him and the result was a reading just across the Appalachians from the Narrator in *Our Town*.

Nonetheless, as the evening progressed, so did Mr. Casper's sense of timing and character. As the imaginary Pope, Hadrian VII, Mr. Casper emerged in metamorphosed vitality, both papal and theatrical. It was as if the playwright had given permission to his central figure to allow his suppressed, inner self, that self bereft of the capacity to love, to surface. And it was those scenes (especially the one at St. Andrew's College with Joel Stedman) in which Mr. Casper came close to fulfilling the ambitious intentions of both Luke and Rolfe, and which allowed him to prepare us for

his ironic martyrdom.

As I implied earlier, the group scenes don't work. For example, in the Vatican scenes, the attending cardinals can always be counted on to be lined up on either side of the papal throne in isoscelesian precision. While this might be a pleasing prospect for Euclid, it is tedious to the audience eye.

It could be argued that this was an attempt at stylized blocking, but even allowing for this possibility, the actors did not dramatize anything acute while so angled. They gave each other plenty of "meaningful looks" and provided a good deal of "body language" and serial ad libs (Ming: "Flash Gordon, you die!" Others: "What?" "Huh?" "He can't do that!" Dale: "Oh, Flash!") which, instead of enlivening the conflict between their group and the *parvenu* Pope, merely serve to suggest that they are eagerly awaiting the arrival of Pooh-Bah.

Other performances are more fortunate: Karen Shallo's Mrs. Crowe, frustrated Earth Mother, was properly perfumed and fleshy; I. M. Hobson's Father St. Albans was intelligently underplayed; and Joel Stedman as George Arthur Rose, the Rolfeian surrogate, although he unhappily reminds me of my vision of Jack Armstrong (I looked for a hike-o-meter, couldn't find one), was solid and clear of voice (he sometimes relies too much on that good voice). And Bettye Fitzpatrick, when she was not having trouble with her diphthongs, played the simple Agnes sensitively. Unfortunately, Woody Eney as Rolfe's close friend and confessor, the Bishop of Caerleon, while very likeable on stage, has been seeing too many Henry Fonda commercials. William Hardy's Jeremiah Sant showed less anger than dispepsia, and relied too heavily on an Irish accent that was obviously sent to him parcel post, by Leo McCarey.

The lighting by John Hagan, while necessarily simple, worked well enough, and the abstract sets by Jerry Williams were appropriately unobtrusive.

All in all, an evening of mixed and muted blessings, offered tenuously by a theater that by reputation and right has every justification to be bold, to take chances, to give us plays ungilded by a hypersensitive concern not to offend — and the Alley rarely offends even in its old age. In Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, the aging Count Greffi rejects Frederick Henry's suggestion that in his old age he has grown wise. The count responds: "No, that is the great fallacy; the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise. They grow careful."

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